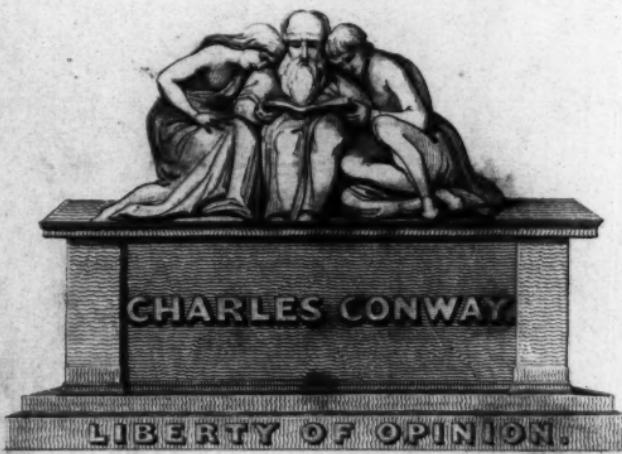
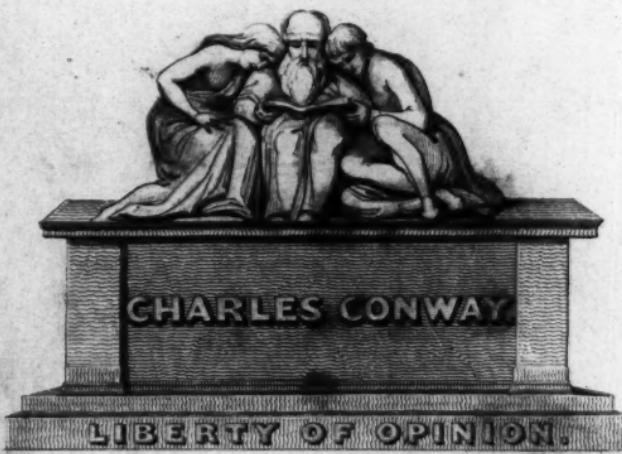


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This page presents Loves mighty powr and  
A wondrous wile to all base to beautie have

# Wits Cabinet.

## OR, A COMPANION FOR *Young Men and Ladies* :

### CONTAINING

- I. The whole Art of Wooing, and making Love ; with the best Complemental Letters, Elegant Epistles, Amorous Addresses, and Answers, in a most Pleasant and Ingenious Strain : With the Newest Songs, sung at Court and both Theatres.
- II. The School of *Bacchus* ; or, The whole Art of Drinking. taught by a New and most Learned Method.
- III. The Interpretation of all sorts of Dreams.
- IV. The Art of Chiromancy and Palmistry.
- V. The several sorts of Cosmeticks for clearing and beautifying the Face, and taking away all Freckles, Morpheus, Tetters, and Ring-worms, and for preserving the Complexion ; together with the way of making all sorts of Perfumes and sweet waters.
- VI. The use of Metals and Precious Stones, and the way to Counterfeit them.
- VII. Several of the choicest Secrets of Art and Nature.
- VIII. General Rules for the Gentle Behaviour of Young Men and Ladies in all Company.
- IX. Several Sorts of News from divers Parts, very Jocose and Pleasant ; with Merry Riddles.

The Eighth Edition, much enlarged.

London, Printed for *H. Rhodes*, at the Star, the Corner of *Bride-lane*, in *Fleet-street*, 1698.



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# TO THE READERS.

**Y**OUNG Gentlewomen; you, their Adorers, Young Men of all sorts and sizes, there is nothing in this World like Education and Accomplishment, which since all have not the advantage to obtain by Travel, it is requisite they should learn by Reading. True it is, there have been several Books of this Nature; as Mysteries of Love and Eloquence, and Academies of Complements: But as those Fairs are the best, where there is most Substantial Variety, and most Fashionable; so are those Books to this, but meer Superannuated Long-Lane Old Habits. Here you have a Prospect of all that is new, and refined. For Complements draw from the Modern Stage: For Discourse, Subjects the most Elegant, and the Choicest Language; and for the Prolongation of Beauty, those ways and means which the most Modish and Industrious French have of late Years pro-

To the Readers, &c.

duc'd: In short, the Female Sex from hence may learn to be Accomplish'd in Gentility and good Housewifery; Young Men in Courtship, or Philosophy, which they please, and as they best delight to render themselves acceptable to all sorts of Company. Let all then Buy and Read this Magazine, which will never fail the Purchasers, as being devotedly intended for the General Good of Youth's Commonwealth.

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THE

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# THE INTERPRETATION OF DREAMS.

**T**H E generality of Men give not much credit to Dreams; yet considering that many strange Accidents have been foretold by Dreams, many mischiefs have been prevented, many Wickednesses detected by Dreams, it may not be amiss to set down what Experience has observed concerning them. A Dream therefore is a Motion or Fiction of the Soul in a various form, signifying either Good or Evil to come. Dreams are also Speculative, agreeable to the Vision: As, when a Man dreams the Ship where in he is, is perishing, and finds it true; or Allegorical, by one thing signifying another.

To dream a Man has a great Head, to a rich Man signifies dignity, to a poor Man Riches, to a Champion Victory, to an Usurer hopes of Money to a Servant long Servitude; to him that hath chosen Quiet, Pain and Anger.

To dream of long Hair, to Women, wise Men, Kings and Princes, signifies good.

2 *The Interpretation of Dreams.*

To dream of long harsh Hair, and out of order, betokeneth anger and heaviness.

To dream of being without Hair upon your Face, betokeneth shame.

He that dreams of the right-side of his Head shav'd, shall lose his male kindred.

For a Seamen to dream of his Head being poll'd, betokens Shipwrack.

To dream of a round and fleshy Fore-head, signifies liberty of Speech, strength and constancy.

To dream you have a Fore-head of Brass, is good to all Vintners, and such as live by shameless gain; to others it betokens hate.

To dream of many Ears, signifies good to the Rich, if the Ears be well shaped; otherwise not. 'Tis ill to a Servant, or one that hath a Suit in Law.

To dream of losing his Ears, betokens very ill; of cleansing the Ear, betokens the approach of good news.

Graceful and hairy Brows, betoken good to Women; Naked Brows betoken ill success.

To dream of a sharp sight, generally good.

Of a troubled look, want of Money; of being blind with both Eyes, loss of Children, Father and Mother; but good to them that are in Prison, and very poor; bad for a Soldier, and all dealing Traders.

Of the loss of one Eye, bad to the half part of the former; of three or four Eyes good to him that determines to take a Wife; of having another man's Eye, loss of sight.

To dream of having a large Nose, good to all, of having no Nose ominous; and to a sick man, betokens death.

Of having two Noses, dissention and discord.

To

To dream of fat and full Cheeks, good to Women ; of Cheeks full of Wrinkles, betokens heaviness.

To dream of a long, thick, unhandsome Beard, is good for Oratours, Ambassadours, Lawyers, and Philosophers ; if a Widow dream she has a Beard, she shall have a kind Husband.

The same dream to Married Women, betokens burying their Husbands ; the Beard falling or cut off, signifies loss of Parents or Dishonour.

Loss of Teeth, signifies loss of Friends ; having no Teeth, signifies Liberty to Servants, to Merchants good gain by their Merchandize ; to have Teeth of Wax, is sudden death.

Shoulders thick and fleshy, are good to all but such as are in Prison.

To dream of being wounded in the Stomach, to young Men and Women, betokens glad Tydings.

Hands fair and strong, denote Prosperity to Tradesmen. Gold Rings on the Fingers, signify dignity and good Fortune.

The Nails longer than ordinary, signify profit.

The Nails pull'd off, threaten misery and affliction.

To dream of a fat and big Belly, denotes increase of Family and Estate.

He that dreams his Secret Parts are grown bigger and stronger, will be renown'd, and beget Male Children ; if a Woman dream so, she will bring forth Daughters, and have the Reputation of a virtuous Woman.

If a Maid dreams her Thighs are broken, she will be married to a Stranger, and lead her life in a Foreign Country ; if she be a Wise, she will bury her Husband.

To dream you see a Womans white Thighs, signifies Health and Joy.

To dream the Thighs are grown bigger and stronger, signifies Plenty and Advancement; if a Woman dream so, she will have Comfort by her Children.

If a Woman dream she is able to run by the strength of her Knees, it denotes Obedience to her Husband, and care of her Family.

To dream your Feet are dirty, signifies Tribulation,

The upper Ribs broken, signify dissention with a man's Wife, which will redound to his disgrace.

The lower Ribs broken, denotes affliction by Female Relations.

He that dreams his Ribs are grown larger and stronger than ordinary, will take delight in his Wife: If he dreams the same of his Lips, he shall have lovely Children.

He that dreams he is increased in Flesh, will gain Gold and Wealth.

If a Woman dreams her Skin is become black, like a Moors, she will be taken in Adultery.

To dream a man's Flesh is corroded by Lice, signifies plenty of Gold and Silver.

If a married man dream his Gall is broken, he will have some great content with his Wife.

To dream you see a Man naked, signifies Fear and Terror; of a Woman naked and clear'd Skinn'd, Honour and Joy.

For a man to dream he sees the Stature or Portraiture of a handsome naked Woman, signifies good luck and success.

If a man dreams he sees his Wife naked, it signifies deceit.

If a woman dreams she sees her Husband naked, it signifies success in her Enterprizes,

For a man to dream he sees his Miss, signifies danger by that woman's craft.

If a Woman dreams she lies stark-naked in her Husband's Arms, and there is no such thing, it presages ill News. But if the Husband have the same dream, it denotes Amity and profit.

For a Woman to dream her self in bed with a Moor, or deformed Person, foretells discontent and Sickness.

For a Man to dream himself naked in bed with a handsom Woman, denotes Deceit.

For a man to dream he has a Crown of Gold upon his Head, signifies Favour with his Prince.

For a Woman to dream she is become leprous or meazled, presages that some Noble Person will bestow a good Estate upon her.

For a Man to dream he is drunk, is encrease of Estate, and recovery of Health; if he be drunk in his dream with Sack or Muscadel, he will be belov'd by some great Lord, and grow rich.

He that fancies himself hang'd or whipp'd by Sentence of the Law, shall be rich, honoured and respected.

He that dreams he has eat the Flesh of a Man hang'd shall be enrich'd by foul practices.

He that dreams himself dead, shall grow rich, and live long in the service of a Prince.

For a Man to dream he has won at Dice denotes that some Inheritance will fall to him by the death of his Relations.

For a man or maid to dream they stand before a Looking-glass, and see their true proportion, is good for those that would be married.

For a Man to see himself in a Glass, not such as he is, signifies he shall be a Cuckold.

To dream of little Rain and drops of Water, is good for Farmers.

To dream of being touch'd with Lightning, is a good Dream for thote which would not have their Sin

## 6      *The Interpretation of Dreams.*

Sin and Poverty hidden, to those that are unmarried, it signifies Marriage.

To dream of a burning Light in a House is afluence of Goods to the Poor, to unmarried Persons marriage, to the rich health.

To dream of a Lamp in a Ship, signifies great Joy and Tranquillity to Navigators.

To dream of Houshould-Dogs, signifies Farmes, Servants, and Possessions to come; little Ladies-Dogs signifie delight and pastime.

To dream of Mules, signifies sicknes.

To dream of seeing a tame Lion, signifies good and profit,

For a Batcheler to dream of a Wild-Boar, denotes that his Wife will be a Scold.

To dream of Asps and Adders, signifies Money and Rich Wives.

To dream of seeing a Cock in a House, is good to those that would marry.

A Key seen in a dream by him that would marry, denotes a handsome Wife, or a good Maid.

For a Woman to dream of walking upon the Sea, dessoluteness of Life.

For a sick man, to dream of Marrying a Maid is death.

To dream you see the Air cloudy, signifies expedition of busines.

That you gather Apples, signifies vexation from some Person or other.

To see Arm'd men, is a good sign.

To dream you cut Bacon, signifies the Death of some Person.

That you bathe in a clear Fountain signifies Joy.

That you have a little Beard, signifies Suits and Controversies in Law.

That you catch Bees, profit and gain.

To see a Bed well furnish'd, signifies Joy.

Tha

That you hear Bells ring, signifies disgrace and trouble.

To see a flight of Birds, signifies Suits in Law.

To see your deceased Brothers and Sisters, signifies long life.

That you shoot in a Bow, signifies Honour.

To dream you see Candles not lighted, signifies reward for something done.

That you hear the Cock crow, signifies prosperity.

To see dead Coals, signifies expedition of business.

To see a comely Countenance unlike your own signifies Honour.

To dream you see your self with the Devil, signifies gain.

To see an Eagle fly over your Head, signifies Honour.

That you see a black Face, signifies long life.

To gather Flowers, signifies mirth and jollity.

That you kiss a Person deceased, signifies long life.

To dream you carry a Maid, signifies Joy.

To do the Act of Marriage, signifies danger.

For a Man to dream that he lies with his Mother, signifies certainty in dispatch of Business.

To dream you take hold of one's Nose, signifies Fornication.

To dream of seeing your Picture drawn, signifies long life.

To dream of seeing Rain, signifies great Riches.

When a Man dreams in the Night that he holds a burning Light or Torch in his Hand, it is a good sign, chiefly to those that are young, signifying that they should enjoy their Loves, accomplish their Designs, overcome their Enemies, and gain Honour and good will from all Persons.

If a man dreams he sees the Cabinet on Fire, which belongs to the Mistress of the House, it denotes Death to her.

If a Woman dreams that she kindles the Fire, it is a Sign that she is with Child, and will be safely delivered of a Man-Child.

To see a Stack of Corn burnt down, signifies Famine and Mortality.

For a Sick Person to dream he sees a River or Fountain of clear running Water, presages his recovery.

If a Young Man dreams he draws Water out of a clear Well, it signifies he will be speedily married to a fair maid that will bring him a Portion.

For a man to dream he has a Glass full of Water given him, signifies speedy Marriage, and that he will have Children by his Wife.

To dream of inclosed Lands, with Fountains, Fields, pleasant Groves, and Orchards adjoining, it denotes that he shall marry a discreet, chaste and beautiful Wife, and that she shall bear him handsome Children.

To dream of seeing a Barn well stored, signifies marriage of a rich Wife, or the overthrow of Adversaries in Law.

If a Woman dreams of being delivered of a Child, yet is not big with Child, it is a sign she shall at length be happily brought to bed.

If a Maid dream the same dream, it signifies Banqueting, Joy, and succeeding Nuptials.

If a Man dreams he sees a Woman brought to bed, it betokens to him Joy and Prosperity.

If a Man dreams his Wife is big with Child, and that it really proves so, it is a sign the Child will live, and shall resemble the Father.

For Women to dream of Carcanets, Chains, Pearls, Precious Stones, and all Adornings of the Head

Head, to Widows and Maids, they signifie marriage; to those that have no Children, that they shull have them; and to those that have Husbands and Children, they betoken Purchasers and Riches.

For men or women to dream of Combing themselves, is good to both, and signifieth delivery from ill times or bad affaers.

To be before a Looking Glass, and to see themselves, according to their true dimensions, is good for him or her that would be married; to those that are married, it betokeneth Children.

For a man to see himself in a Glass, not such as he is, signifieth he shall be made the Father of Bastards, or other mens Children.

To dream of little Rain, and drops of Water, is good for Plough-men.

To dream of being touched with Lightning, to the unmarried signifieth marriage; but it breaks marriages made, and makes Friends Enemies.

A burning Light in a House, clear and clean, is affluence of Goods to the Poor, to unmarried Persons marriage, to the Sick health.

To dream of having, or seeing the Forehead of a Lion, betokens the getting of a male Child.

To dream of roasted Swines-Flesh, signifieth speedy profit.

To dream of drinking sweet Wine, betokens good success in Law.

If any one dreams he sees himself wrapped in Cloths in fashion of little Children, and so sucks some Womans Dugg which he knoweth, it argueth long Sicknes, if he hath not his Wife with Child, for then he shall have a Son born like himself. And if his Wife hath such a dream, she shall have a Daughter. But if any one being in Prison hath such a dream, the Devil shall stir up such accusations against him, that he shall not be delivered;

and

and it is not without reason to judge the like in Sicknes ; but to seem in a dream to have Milk in her duggs , to a young Woman it signifieth she shall conceive, and her fruit shall come to perfection ; to an Old Woman, being poor, it signifieth Riches, being rich Expence and Liberality : to a Maid, that her Marriage is near ; for without the company of a Man, she can have no Milk ; but if she be a pretty maid, and hath been long unmarried it signifyeth her death ; for all things coming beyond the accustomed age are evil, some few excepted : to a poor man it is abundance of Money and possessions, if he can nourish others. Moreover, I have known by experience, that this dream foretold one that was not Married, a Wife ; and one that had no Children, it foretold Children. But to a Champion and Artificer, and all such as in their estate, travel and move the Body , it signifieth Sicknes. Also I know one, having a Wife and Children, who had this dream, and lost his Wife by death, and always after, himself nourished his Children, exercising towards them the duty of a Father and Mother together.

To dream your Head is turn'd, so that it looks backwards, forewarns one not to go out of his Country, and to enterprize no Affairs leait the issue be bad. It also shews, that they which are in a far Country shall return home.

To dream you have Ox-Horns, or any other such like violent Beast , foretels violent Death , and chiefly beheading , it being incident to horned Beasts.

To dream the Knees are strong and sturdy, signifieth Journeys, or other motions and Operations of Health; but being weak and Diseased, the contrary. A Tree or Branch coming out of the Knee, signifieth slowness and hindrance ; to a sick Man often-

often-times Death. The Knees signifie the Brethren and familiar Friends, and sometimes Children.

To dream of running, is good to all, except sick Persons, when they dream they come well to the end of their Race; for it signifieth that shortly they shall come to the end of their life.

If any dreams he is deposed out of his Place, Estate and Dignity, it is ill to all, and killeth such as are sick.

To dream that you are anointed and painted, is good to all Women, except wicked; for Men it is ill, signifying shame, except to those which are accustomed to use them, as Chirurgeons, Painters, &c.

To dream of shifting a Shirt or Smock, or that the Cloths are fallen from the Bed, doth signifie hard lodging, and much shifting in other Countries.

To dream of Cow-dung, Horse-dung, and all other (except Man's) is good only to a Plowman; to others it is heaviness and hurt.

To dream of gentle Winds, is good; violent Winds are wicked and evil People; troublesome Tempests of Winds, are perils and troubles.

For Physicians, Painters, and those which sell, and Trade with Eggs, to dream of them is good: To others it is good to have little Store of them, and signifieth gain; but plenty of them, is care, pain, noise, or Law-Suits.

To dream of Monsters and Impossibilities, according to the course of Nature, signifies your hopes will be frustrate.

To dream to eat Books, is good to School-masters, and all that make profit by them, and which are studious for Eloquence; to others it is sudden death.

## Infallible Observations in Chiromancy, or Palmeſtry.

### Signs of Riches and Good Fortune.

**T**HE letter *A* in the Root of the Fore-finger, promises much Riches to him that is poor.

**G** in the mount of the Hand, shews that the Person shall be made Rich by the Favour of Great Personages and Princes.

The Vital-line putting forth Branches towards the Supreme Angle, signifies Riches with Honour.

The Table-line strait, and very small in the end toward the fore-finger, signifies Rule, and abundance of Wealth.

The Sister-line, to the line of Life, continued in the mount of the Thumb, with a Triangle toward the Palm of the Hand, well-coloured and proportioned, extending to the Wrist, denotes Riches through the whole course of a Man's life.

Small Lines well coloured, proceeding from the root of the fore-finger, pointing toward the supreme, promise encrease of Riches.

Lines right and strait, stretching themselves from the root or out-side of the Hand, in the mount or brawn of the Hand, of good colour and form, portend a continuance of good Fortune.

A Star upon the out-side of the fore-finger, shews a Man to be Luxurious, but yet that he shall come to Riches and Honour by means of Women.

A Character like a Shield or Triangle, or of a particular form upon the mount of the Sun, betokens an honest Life, perpetual and double Riches.

The letter *B* in the mount of *Jupiter*, betokens great Wealth and good Fortune.

A Cha

A Character like a Star in or near the Vital-line toward the Wrist, promises Wealth in old Age.

A Star, or Stars, cutting the Vital-line, or appearing in the beginning of the line of life, especially if two Stars appear, are Signs of great Wealth and Honour.

Many lines from the root of the Thumb, between the Thumb and the line of Life, pointing toward the Ring-finger, forbodes great Wealth.

A Cross under the Natural line, signifies the getting of great Riches, but with much Labour and Pain.

Perspicuous Rings like Warts, or little bits of Flesh upon the line of Life, denote riches.

A line pointing from the Table-line, between the fore and middle-finger, denotes the Person to be favoured by fortune; yet that the Person, through dissimulation and flattery, makes use but of one only Person, as to the Advancement of his Fortune.

The Table-line ending between the fore and middle-finger, promises sufficiency of all Necessaries relating to human being in this Life.

A line falling between the middle and Ring finger, touching the roots, and joining to another on the mount of the middle-finger; this line pointing to the middle finger, denotes much future Happiness; and the same, if it point to the mount of Jupiter.

A line well coloured and thick, beginning between the root of the little and ring-finger, and from thence descending and pointing toward the Table, declares an excellent Estate of Fortune.

The line of the Sun, extending with a Trine proportion to the Root of the ring-finger, signifies Riches, especially if the mount of the finger be well formed.

Lines like Crosses in the first Joint of the Thumb the  
assuredly signify Riches.

Little lines well-coloured, passing from the  
root of the Fore-finger, over the mount of the  
middle-finger, portend auspicious Fortune.

A line or lines under the root of the middle-finger, transverse, without being cut by any other  
lines, denotes a surplusage of good luck.

The line of *Saturn* running from the Wrist, and  
continued without Intersection, and well coloured, If  
argues great Felicity.

The Letter *D* in the Field of Mars, signifies great  
Prosperity.

The line of *Saturn*, making a Triangle with the  
root of the ring-finger, by the side of the little-finger, denotes Prosperity.

Lines going from the Natural-line to the Table-line, making a Triangle with the Table-line, denote  
note Goods and Riches to be given to the Person.

The natural-line extending it self over the  
cussion of the Hand circular, promises indifferent  
Riches, while young, but want in Old Age, with  
out great foresight and Caution.

A Right-line, well coloured, from the beginning  
of the natural-line, and ending at the root of the  
fore-finger, promises certain Riches, chiefly to  
Youth.

The same line extended to the Root of the  
middle-finger, signifies Prosperity in the second Age.

The same line extended to the little-finger pro-  
mises Riches in the last Age.

Four lines equally distant in the side of the  
mount of the Thumb, toward the Arm or Wrist,  
and extending themselves toward the most Eminent  
Parts

Parts of the mount, promise Wealth and Honour  
within the first Age.

A Star or Triangle in the Wrist, well formed  
and disposed promises Riches in old Age.

Four lines in the Wrist, cross the Arm, the two  
uppermost next the Hand, being larger than the  
lowermost, the lowermost next the Arm being fine  
and small, promises great plenty to the middle  
Age; but then you must expect a diminution of  
Wealth and Strength.

If the two Inferior lines be large and well formed,  
and the two Superior slender and fine, they  
signifie Eighty Years of Age, and that the first  
part of the Person's Age shall be mean; but after  
that, he shall have encrease of Wealth.

A Triangle or Spherical Figure in the mount of  
the fore-finger, well formed and conditioned,  
promises the Person, though never so poor in his  
Youth, store and plenty afterwards to the end of  
his Life.

The Table-line full of Branches, and those  
Branches tending toward the superior Part of the  
Hand, promises great abundance of all things.

The Table-line forked in the ends, intimates the  
Person shall undergo a laborious Life till twenty  
years of Age; but after that, his Fortune shall  
greatly mend.

Branches passing from the line of Life, thwart-  
ing the Triangle, and also cutting the natural-line,  
shew, that after Adversity, Prosperity shall fol-  
low.

Crosses in the mount of the Hand, signifies the  
Acquisition of Riches with great labour.

All marks upon the mount of Jupiter, or the  
root of the fore-finger (except those like Lad-  
ders or Grid-Irons, denote Ecclesiastical Prefer-  
ment.

Two lines cross the mount of *Mercury*, declare the Person Fortunate.

Two lines deep and strait, crossing the first joint of the Ring-finger, denote a great Fortune to Wives.

A line from the root of the Little-finger to the second or third joint, of good and equal proportion, with the mount well proportioned, promises Preferment, and Magistracy to the Person.

The mount of the Thumb being full of fine and Clefts, signifies good Fortune in Cattle.

A strait deep line from the Table-line, tending to the root of the Middle-finger, or very near it, denotes great Labour and Care in the management of his Affairs, and that he shall prosper by his Sedulity.

The mount of the Middle-finger being smooth without lines, and well coloured, betokens a quiet and peaceable Life.

The Table of the hand smooth, without wrinkles, or ill proportioned lines, denotes the same.

The uppermost Angle conjoined, directly opposite to the middle of the fore-finger, denotes Felicity, and an unblameable Life.

A line or lines strait, fine and well coloured tending from the Table-line to the root of the little-finger, signifies Virtuous Resolutions in Man; and in a Woman, Virginity and Chastity.

*Signs of Poverty and Misfortunes.*

A mark like a ladder, in the mount of the fore-finger, signifies a poor Man.

The Vital line short, sending forth Branches below, denotes Poverty with ill Fortune.

The Mensal-line sending forth hairy Branches toward the Table, denote Loss and Misery.

The Natural touching the Table-line in a circular manner, portends great Losses and Misfortunes.

The table-line naked without Branches, and touching the Root of the Fore-finger, prognosticates Poverty.

A Semi-circle gross in the bottom of the Ring-Finger, discovers an unhappy Man, of an ill Mind and Resolution.

Many little lines in the mount of the middle-finger, and more than in any other place, denote a Person always under the burden of continual toil and vexation.

A Triangle in the first joint of the middle-finger, signifies continual losses and misfortunes.

The letter *E* in the Triangle of *Mars*, notes adversities, and sufferance of ill fortune.

Branches in the end of the Vital-line, bending toward the wrist, threaten poverty and misfortune.

Four or five lines cutting the Table line against the mount of the middle-finger, denotes favour and trouble.

More lines in the mount of *Saturn* than elsewhere, threaten the same.

The *Via Lactea*, being a line extended from the Wrist to the Root of the little-finger, marked and cut with cross lines, prognosticates damage and misfortune by Women.

The mount of *Venus* swelling, soft and tender, and cross'd with many lines, Chequer like, portends the same.

The mount of *Saturn*, depressed and pale, betokens Imprisonment.

A dent in the middle of the Natural-line, denotes a Thief.

Right-lines between the first and second joint of the fore-finger, look how many lines there are, so many wounds the Person shall have upon the Head.

The

The Table-line joined to the middle Natural-line, nor the Supreme Angle, making an Angle therewith, threatens so much misfortune to the Person, that he may wish he had never been born.

Two lines between the first and second joint of the Thumb, shew the Person to be given to play, and that he shall receive much injury thereby.

The Finger of *Saturn* fuller of lines than others, signifies great weakness and Imperfections in the Nerves, and an inclination to the Palsie.

The line of Life extending to the Wrist, continued, and of equal breadth, decently broad, deep, strait, and equal, well coloured, denotes a long life.

If the middle Natural-line be of a good and equal breadth and depth, well articulated, extended to the top of the mount of the Moon, and not beyond, it promiseth long Life.

The Liver-line extending to the middle of the Natural-line, deep, large, continued, and well coloured, it denotes a good liver, and consequently long life.

The line of *Saturn* strait, not intersected, and joined to the middle Natural-line, against the Finger of *Saturn*, or extending it self near thereto, and the Triangle it makes, keeping its due proportion, presages a long life.

The Table of the Hand constituted with equal space, declares a good Complexion, and long life.

The Table-line continued sufficiently long, deep, broad and strait, signifies a Nature sound, of good Digestion, good Dispositions of the Vitals, and consequently long life.

The space of the Wrist clear and well coloured, signifies the same.

The Sister of the line of Life, arising from the Supreme Angle, passing by the mount of the Thumb, and extending near so far as the Wrist of the

ur the Hand or thereabouts, portend long Life and  
ng Luxury.

A Star without-side the fore-finger, discovers a  
man to be Luxurious; yet that he shall have good  
Fortune by Women.

The Letter C on the mount of Jupiter, promises  
feth long Life, and Riches by Women.

Two Lines deep and strait on the first Joint of  
the Ring-finger, most certainly promise much  
Wealth by Wives.

Four Lines going over the Wrist, transverse and  
deep, strait, signify Wealth and Honour by the death of  
others.

A Triangle or two near the Wrist, with Stars and  
Lines, which make a sharp Angle, signifies a long  
Life, and large Possessions by the death of others.

Two lines from the first Joint of the Thumb,  
toward the Line of Life, promise great Inheritance  
by Succession from the Dead.

Lines extending themselves from the root of the  
Thumb, over the mount thereof, so many as  
there are in the Hand of a Man, so many Wives,  
or Misses shall he have. And in a Woman, so many  
Husbands or Lovers shall she have.

If these Lines be fair and strait extended, so  
many Wives or Husbands the Party shall be mar-  
ried to. But if one Line be bigger than the rest,  
than the Man shall have one Wife, or the Woman  
one Husband. greater in Dignity or Riches than  
the rest.

As many Lines as cut the first Joint of the Ring-  
finger, so many Husbands or Wives shall the  
Party have.

Certain little Lines cutting the Lines of Life, be-  
ing well coloured, as many as there be, so many  
sons they promise; either in the Hand of Man or  
Woman.

A neat equal Line crossing the Table-line, from the Natural, towards the little-Finger, denotes Virginity and Chastity, and the bigger and more equal the Line is, the bigger signification it has.

The Palm of the Hand long and broad, is a sign of easie delivery.

The Triangle stait and well dispos'd in a Woman, Prognosticates the same.

A Triangle in the Mount of *Jupiter*, denotes Wisdom and Fidelity.

The Letter *C* on the mount of *Venus*, denotes a Person faithful and true.

The Table-line making an Angle with the Natural-line, signifies shortness of Life.

The shortness of the Vital-line, manifests a short Life, unless there be a good appearance of the Sitter of the Line of Life, or any other Significant.

The Liver-line not observing a Trine proportion and being intersected with many small Lines, denotes shortness of Life.

A Line cross and crooked, from the root of the little-Finger to the Table-line, denotes a Person of light Behaviour.

Lines Chequer-wise, near the Wrist of the righten or left Hand, denote a Woman Superlatively much Lustful.

The Table-line forked at the end, toward the fore-Finger, in a Woman, is a very ill Sign of that Lewdness.

The Natural-line forked at the end, toward the Liver-line, denotes a light Person.

The Sitter of the Vital-line, upon the mount on the Thumb, long and reddish; is the signal of one who is wanton.

If you would judge of the Virginity of any Person by the Hand, look in her Hand while she is falling, and if the Lines be graceful, small and

pale

pale, she is a Virgin, but if broad, ruddy, and broken, infallibly she is corrupted.

*Of Moles.*

Moles in the right side of the fore-Head are signs of great Possessions, and much encrease of the Goods of Fortune. In the fore-Head of a Woman, so they be still on the right side, they denote future preferment. But on the left side they signify the contrary, both to Men and Women.

Moles black or dark, on the right Ear of Men or Women, portend Honour and Renown, Possessions Inheritance, and Riches; but if the said Moles appear on the left Part, they have the unhappy signification of hatred, contempt, trouble, labour, and misfortune.

If a Mole appear between the Eye-brows and the edge of the Eye-led, there will another appear between the Navill and the Secrets. Men thus marked, are much given to Women, beyond the bounds of Honesty; inclined to Ravishment, and the height of debauchery, to marry many Wives, or covet many; so that these Moles denote much unhappiness to Men, in reference to Women. They also befoighten much unhappiness to the Female Sex; insomuch, that *Helen of Greece* is said to have had these Moles; whose unfortunate Fortune spilt the Blood of two Nations like Water; and all Antiquity agrees, that Women thus marked can hardly prove faithful and true to their Husbands.

If a Conspicuous shining or red Mole, appear on the Nose of Man or Woman, another may be found in the most Secret Parts. Many times a Mole on the one Nose, betrays another upon the Ribs. And they who are thus marked, whether Men or Woman, are generally superlatively Luxurious. They who have such Moles on the left side of the Nose, shall wander from place to place in an unsettled Condition.

A Man that has a Mole on his Lip, has another on his Testicles, and a Woman upon the Lips of her Womb. They that have these Moles, are great Doaters or Gluttons, and never fail of a good Stomach. But the Mole of the Lip, has another more Eminent signification; for proceeding, from Melancholy, which may be known by the brownness or blackness of the Colour; Men so marked will be famous Orators, Eloquent Preachers, and famous Actors. Or if other things concur to an ill signification, the Men are Loquacious, Pratlers, and Medlers with other Men's business. In short, Men and Women that have Moles on their Lips, infinitely abound in their Tongue, and delight much in multitudes of Words.

Marks in the Teeth, sometimes white, as proceeding from Flegm; sometimes black, as proceeding from Melancholy, presage the Person Rich, Powerful, and of great Reputation in the World.

A Man or Woman that has a Mole on the Chin has another answering to it under the Breast, near the Region of the Heart; which Mole signifies Riches in Gold and Silver.

Moles upon the Neck and Throat, have not only a signification of Riches, Wealth, and good Fortune but of Health and a strong Constitution.

For a Mole on the Neck or Gullet, commonly signifies one near the Stomach, which demonstrate Strength of Natural Heat.

Moles upon the Armes and Shoulders, if they be on the right side, portend Wisdom and Prudence. On the left, they signify Proness to debate and contention. But Moles near the Armes and the Region of the Breast, indicate Beauty, Riches, good Name, Benevolence, and Respect.

Moles on the Hands and Feet, indicate moles upon the *Scrotum* or *Cod*, and signify in man or woman, fruitfulness and strength of Nature, as to Procreation.

Moles on the Thighs or Loins of men or women, are signs of Want and Infelicity; especially being found on the left side of the Body, or the left side of the Thigh; and let such take heed of Venereal Misfortunes.

A Mole on the upper part of the Breast, on either side, especially the left, renders a man obnoxious to Poverty.

A Mole on the left side of the Heart, denotes wicked and ungracious Qualities; for Persons thus marked are rash, hasty, and headlong in their Actions.

A Mole or Moles on the Belly of man or women, denotes them Ravenous and great Eaters.

Moles either upon or about the Knees, signify to a man Riches by marriage; to a woman, if it be upon her Right Knee, it is a modest sign of Honour, Honesty and Virtue; if upon the left Knee, it is a sign of being fruitful in Children.

Moles on the Ankles or Feet, are held to signify Modesty, and something of Effeminacy in Man, but Virility and Courage in Women.

## Various Sorts of Cosmeticks.

*And first of Fucus to paint the Face.*

**B**efore any *Fucus* ought to be laid on, it is a general Rule, that the Skin must be cleaned exactly with warm Water, and sweet scented Balls. After that it must be rubbed again with a Cloth, and washed a second time with Water, in which Wheat Bran hath been boyled; by which means the Skin will be fully prepared.

Or else take *Sublimate*, one Ounce; *Glair* of Eggs; boyl them in a Glass Vessel till they grow thick, and then press out a Water to wash the Face.

*To make the best Fucus that ever was known.*

Take *Venetian Talle*, cleave it into slices, digest it in the Heat of the Sun, or of Horse dung for a month, with Distilled Vinegar, made of Spanish Wine, adding every day new Distilled Vinegar to the former, till the Vinegar be Mucilaginous; which then Distill by a Luted Retort and Receiver; with a naked Fire: First comes forth the Vinegar, then a white Oyl, which you must separate. First wash with the Vinegar, and then anoint with the Oyl. If the Face be well cleansed, as is Directed, one anointing will hold for a month, without fading.

*A Fucus not easie to be discovered.*

Take Grains of *Paradise Cubeb*, *Cloves*, and *Raspings of Biazile*, and infuse them in rectified Spirit of Wine for ten days, over a gentle heat; then separate the Spirit. This gives a fresh, red, and lively Colour, which will last long.

*A Spa-*

*A Spanish Wool.*

Boil shearings of Scarlet, in a Water of quick Lime, half an Hour ; of which take two pound ; to which put *Brazile Rasp'd* two Ounces, *Roch-Allum Verdigrease, Ana*, one Ounce, *Gum-Arabick* two Drams ; boil all these for half an Hour, keep it for your use, to dip your Wool in.

Otherwise, Take Spirit of Wine one pint, *Cochenele* half an Ounce, *Rasp'd Brazile* one Ounce, *Gum-Ammoniack* three Drams, mix and digest till the Gum be dissolved, and boil it gently, and strain it for the same use as before.

*A Fucus of Bulls-Gall.*

Take Bulls Gall dryed in the Sun, and extract the Tincture of it with Spirit of Wine, with which besmear the Face, cleaned before according to the secon<sup>d</sup> Direction, leaving it on three or four days, without stirring abroad, or exposing the Skin to the Air. After that, cleanse the Face by the secon<sup>d</sup> Direction again. This is the *Spanish Fucus* now much in use.

*General Cosmeticks.**To clear the Face from Morpheus, and defend it from Sun-burning.*

Take Five Points of the Gall of an Ox, digested in a *Maries Bath* four and twenty Hours ; *Roch-Allum* and Salt of Glass powdered, of each one Ounce, mix them together, and put them into a Matrice carefully stopped, and in *May* expose them to the Sun, shaking them three or four times a day, then Filtre them. In the Filtered Liquor, mix two Ounces of *Porcellane* powdered Fine, and dissolved in Spirit of Vinegar, *Borax* and *Sperma Ceti*, of each one Ounce, *Sugar-Candy*, three Ounces, *Champhire* and sweet *Sublimate, Ana*, three Drams, which done, expose them again to the Sun.

for ten days, shaking the Ingredients often; then filter the Liquor, and keep it for your use.

*A Mask to preserve the Complexion of Ladies, never Published before.*

Take the whitest wax four pound, *Sperma Ceti* two Ounces: Oyl of the four greater cold Seeds, cleaned and extracted without Fire; and *Bismuth* precipitated *Aria*, three Drams; *Borax* and *Burnt-Allem*, finely powdered, of each half a Dram; melt and mix them in *Bainco Marie*, and at the same time dip and spread the Cloth.

### The Pigeon VVater.

*To Beautifie and Preserve the Complexion of Ladies, never Published before.*

Take two young Pigeons gutted, and cut into pieces, crumbs of white-Bread, half a pound; Peach Kernels, and the four greater Seeds cleaned, of each four Ounces; Whites of twelve Eggs, and Juice of four Lemons, Macerate them twelve hours in four Pints of Goats Milk, then Distil them in *Bainco Marie*; to the distilled water add *Borax*, *Camphire*, *Sugar-Candy*, and *Burnt-Allem*, of each three drams: Expose them first three days to the Sun, then let them stand fifteen days in a Wine-Cellar; filter the Water, and keep it to wash the Face, Morning and Evening.

### Another Pigeon-Water.

Take Select Myrrh powdered, six Ounces, two young Pigeons gutted and cut to pieces; Spanish Wine and When, of each two Pints; Juice of Lemons, Bigger Housleek, and fragrant Pippin, of each one pound: Water-Roses, and Water-Lillies, of each half a pint, two Whites of Egges; mix them all together in a Glass Alembick, distil them in *Bainco Marie*, and preserve the Water.

*To Smooth, Whiten, and Preserve the Complexion of Ladies, by the Queen of France's Doctor.*

Take pure fine Sugar one Pound, *Roch-Allom*, three Ounces; *White Poppy-Seed*, *Bean-Flowers*, *Flowers of Water-Lillies*, *Violets*, and *greater Housleek*, of each one Handful; the Juice of four Lemons, the Crum of two *White-Loaves*, *Goats-Milk* and *White-wine*, of each two Pints; bruise what is to be bruised, then mix and put all together into a *Glass-Alenabick*, Distil them in *Balneo Mariae*, and keep the Water for use.

*A Virgins Milk to Beautifie the Hands and Face.*

Take the dissolution of *Lithrage of Gold*, in distilled Vinegar, Eight Ounces; the Dissolution of *Roch-Allom*, in Water of *Water-Lillies*, eight Ounces; filtre the Dissolutions apart, then a while after mix them, and the *Virgins Milk* is made.

They who have *Tincture of Storax* and *Benjamin* prepared with *Spirits of Wine*, may make *Virgins Milk* at any time, by mixing a little of the *Tinctures* with seven or eight times as much distilled *Cosmetick-Water*.

*A Cheap, but excellent Cosmetick.*

Take *Allom* in fine Powder, and shake it with *Whites of New laid Eggs*, being a little heated, till such time that they grow thick to an *Oyntment*, to anoint the Face, three or four days together, Morning and Evening.

*To cleanse the Face from Scorf and Morbew.*

First take *Distilled Rain-Water* six Ounces, *Juice of Lemons* twelve Ounces, mix them and wash with it Morning and Evening, anointing after *Cyantment*, at Night going to bed, with the following *Cyantment*.

Take common *Femurum* one Ounce, *Salt of Tarsar*

one Dram, Musk twenty Grains, mix them well together.

*A Cosmetick of great value.*

White Tartar twenty Ounces; Talc, Salt, of each ten Ounces; Calcine them in a Potter's Furnace very well, then grinding the substance upon a Marble, put it into Hippocrates's sleeve, and set it in a Cellar, or other moist place, for twenty or thirty day, and there will drop from it a most precious Oyl, which being rub'd upon the Skin softly with a Linnen Cloth, the Skin being first duly cleaned, takes away all kind of Spots, and makes the Skin soft and delicate.

*Another of great value.*

Mercury Sublimate, Saccharum Saturni, of each two Drams. Rose-water and Juice of Lemons, of each two Ounces; mix them like to an Oyntment, with which anoint gently at Night, and the next Morning with the Pomatum already mentioned.

*A Cosmetick of Pearls.*

Dissolve Pearls in the Juice of Limons or Distilled Vinegar, and digest them in Horse-dung, till they send forth a clear Oyl, which will swim at the top. This is one of the most excellent Cosmeticks in the World, but very dear.

*To take away Sun-burnings.*

To the Glaire of ten Eggs put one Ounce of Sugar Candy, and anoint with it going to bed; or anoint with the Juice of Sowbread. at Night going to Bed, and in the Morning with Oyl Ompacine.

*To take away Freckles.*

To a quantity of Juice of Lemons, in a Glass-Bottle, put fine Sugar and Borax in Powder, and digest it eight days in Sand, and then use it.

*A Liniment against Tetter.*

Red Mercurial Precipitate, and green Vitriol of each one ounce, Barft-Allom half an ounce, Verdigrease and Borax, of each two drams, of Red Dock two ounces, Hogs Grease and new Butter, of each four ounces preſſed, oyl of Henbane one ounce.

*A Water to take away Freckles and Morpheu in the Face.*

Take Strawberries a pound and a half, flowers of Lillies and Beans, of each half a pound, Roch-Allom, and Stone-Allom, of each half an ounce; Sal Gēn, Nitre, Verdigrease, of each two drams; macerate them for ten day's in Malmsey-Wine, Narbone-Honey, and White-wine Vinegar, of each one pint; then diſtill them in a moderate Sand Bath, and keep the Water.

Dip a Linnen Rag in this Water, and lay it where there is occasion upon the part, going to Bed; in the Morning wash with water of Water-Lillies.

*Against Tetter and Ring-worms.*

Difſolve Sublimate one ounce in a Glas of Red-Wine, by boyling, and wash the place morning and evening.

*To heal Chaps in the Skin.*

Anoint with Capons Greafe, mixed well with Camphire or else Oyl of Turpentine, two drams, mixed with Unguentum Populeon.

*A Liniment to prevent Scars of the small-Pox.*

Take Litharge of Gold prepared, and Ceruſe washed in Rose-water, of each one ounce, Oyl of the four greater cold Seeds, and bitter Almonds and Eggs, of each half an ounce, Nightshade, and Plantane-Water, as much as ſuffices, make this Liniment according to Art, like a Nutritum.

*To make the Hair Black.*

Wash it with a Spunge with Calk of Luna, made with Spirit of Nitre, mixed with fair Water.

30 *Various sorts of Cosmeticks.*

*To keep the Hair from falling off.*

Take Myrtle-Berries, Galls, Enablick, Myrabolans, of each alike ; boyl them in Oyl Omphacine, and anoint the Head.

*To make the Hair grow long and soft.*

Distil Hogs-grease, or oyl Olive, in an Alembick, and with the Oyl that comes from thence, anoint the Hair.

*A Dentrifice Powder by the King of France's Doctor.*

Pumice-Stone burnt, white Coral, Cuttlefish Bone, and Cream of Tartar prepared upon Porphyry, the Root of Florence Orice, finely powdered, of each half an ounce, *Sal Ammoniack* pulverized one dram, Oriental Musk and Ambergrease, An three grains, mingle them and make a Powder.

You may use it as it is, or mixed with Syrup of dry Roses, or Honey of Roses, and reduce it into an Opiate before you rob your Teeth.

*A famous Odoriferous Water.*

Root of Florence Orice, and Benjamin, of each an ounce and a half, select Storax six drams, *Lignum Rhodium*, half an once ; Aromatick Reed and *Laudanum*, of each two Scruples ; Flowers of Benjamin one Scruple ; being all Pulverized and put into a Matrice, macerate them twenty four hours in a lukewarm *Maries Bath*, in a pint of Rose-water, and half a pint of Orange-flower water, the Matrice being well stopt ; then Distil them in the same Bath, a little hotter, and keep the water for use, mixing with it Musk and Ambergrease of each six drams.

This Water is called the *Angels-Water*, because of its sweet and pleasing Odour.

*Another sweet Water.*

Cloves in Powder two drams, yellow Sander *Calamus Aromaticus*, of each one Scruple, *Aqua Regia* one dram.

*farum Damascenarum*, fifteen pints; digest four days, then Distil in an Alembick; to this Distilled Water, put in Powder, Cloves, Cinnamon, Benjamin, Storax, Calamita, of each one dram; then put the Water into a Glass-Bottle, with Musk and Ambergrease of each ten grains, and keep it close stopt.

*Or thus.*

Take Damask-Roses exungulated three Pound, Flowers of Lavender and Spike, of each four ounces, Clove-Gilliflowers, and Flowers of Gelsomine, of each two pound, Orange-Flowers one pound, Citron-peels four drams, Cloves two drams, Cinnamon, Storax, Calamita, Benjamin, Nutmegs of each two Scruples all in Powder, *Aqua Rosarum* six pints, digested ten days, then distil in *Balneo Mariae*; to the distilled Water add Musk and Ambergrease of each thirty grains.

*Or thus.*

Take Roses, Clove-Gilliflowers, of each one pound, Flowers of Rosemary, Lavender, Gelsomine, Marjoram, Savory, Thyme, of each three ounces, dry Citron-peels one ounce, Cinnamon, Benjamin, Storax, Calamita, of each two drams; bruise the Herbs and Spices well, digest in the Sun two days, then distil in Balneo, to the distilled water add Musk in Powder one Scruple.

*A Sweet Water for the Hands.*

Cyl of Cloves, and Mace, or Nutmegs, three or four drops only, and mingle it with a pint of fair water, stirring them a pretty while together in a Glass, having a narrow mouth, till they are well mingled together, and wash your hands with it.

*Another sort of sweet Water.*

Damask-Roses, Musk-Roses, Orange-Flowers, of each four pound; Cloves two ounces, Nutmegs one ounce; distil in an Alembick, in the

*Nose*

32 *Various sorts of Cosmeticks.*

Nose of which, hang Musk three scruples, Amber two scruples, Civit one scruple, tyed up in a Rag dipt in Bran, and the White of an Egg mixed.

*The Imperial Perfuming Oyl.*

Ambergrease four drams, Storax, Calamita, eight ounces, Rose-water, *Oleum Rosatum*, of each two pound, Oyl of Cinnamon and Cloves, of each half a dram: put all into a Glass, and digest in Horse-dung twenty days; that done, gently boyl all for a quarter of an hour, and then let it cool; with a Sloon take off the Oyl that swims at top, to which put of Musk and Civit of each two drams, digest all in a gentle heat for twenty days, and keep it for use. Note that the Amber and Storax that remain at the bottom, will serve to make Sweet Balls to lay among Cloths, Beads or Pomanders.

*Oyl of Roses, cailed Fat of Roses.*

Damask-Roses, pickle them with Bay-salt, and after three months, with a large quantity of Water, distil them in ashes with a gentle Fire, so shall you have an Oyl and Spirit, which you may keep for other Distillations.

*To make a sweet Water.*

A Pottle of Conduit-Water, a Platter full of young Bay leaves, a good quantity of Damask Rose-leaves, a quantity of Lavender, sweet Marjoram and Basil, Cloves an ounce and an half; Benjamin an ounce, Storax an ounce, Cyptus an ounce, *Calamus Aromaticus* an ounce, all beaten to Powder, steep them in the Water for ten days in a Pot close stopped, stirring it every day, and then still it.

*To Perfume a Chamber to withstand Witchcraft.*

Take true Dill, red Fennel, Yarrows, one handful, chop them small, dry them between two Tiles hot, laying hot Embers under and over the Tiles.

When

When you go to bed, put about a quarter of a handfull of it into your Warming-Pan, and warm your Bed therewith, and air your Chamber with it.

*An Exellent Pomatum.*

Take a Calves Chaddern, pick off all the Skin, and lay it asteep in running Water nine Days, shifting twice a Day; then put it into an Earthen Pot full of Water, and there let it infuse two Hours, then strain it out through a fine Cloth, in two or three spoonfuls of Damask Rose-water, shifting the Rose-water every quarter of an Hour, as you beat it up; then add to it Oyl of white Poppies, and Oyl of Cucumbers, and so put it into Gally-pots, this Pomatum cleanses the Skin, and adds extreamly to Complexion.

*A Perfuming Unguent.*

Takes Hogs Lard three Pound, Sheeps Suet nine Ounces, bruised Cloves one Dram, Rose-water two Ounces, Pomewaters pared and sliced one pound; boil all to the Consumption of the Rose-water, then strain without pressing; to every pound of which, add Oyl of Rhodium, and Cinnamon, of each thirty Drops.

*A Compound Pomatum.*

Take of Pomatum aforesaid, without the Oyl, four pou'd, Spikenard, Cloves, An. two Ounces, Cinnamon, Storax, Benjamin, one Ounce, the Spices and Gums bruised and tyed up in a thin Rag, Rose-water, eight Ounces; boil to the Consumption of the Rose-water; then add white Wax eight Ounces, which mix well in melting, strain it again, being hot, and when it is almost cold, mix therewith Oyl of Musk, then put it up.

*An Extraordinary Perfume.*

Take three Drams of Florence Orrice, three Drams of Benjamin, one Dram and a half of good Storax.

Storax, a Dram of *Lignum Rhodium*, yellow Sanders half a Dram, as much Flowers of Benjamin, and three Cloves; mix this Powder in six Ounces of good Rose-water, and three Ounces of Orange-flower-water, and having kept them in the cold in a Matrice, for twenty four Hours or more, pour out some part of the mixture into a Perfuming Pan, moderately hot, stopping the Matrice very close again. You may, if you please, add some few Grains of Musk and Ambergrease.

*To make Pomanders or Bracelets.*

Take eight Ounces of Willow-Coal, two ounces of Labdanum, two ounces of Mastich in Teares, and two Ounces of Yellow Amber; and having mixed these Powders, incorporate them with Mucilage of Gum Tragacanth, extracted with Rose-water. Then make up the Pomanders of what Figure you please, and dry them in the shade: They that will be at the cost, may add Odoriferous *Tacamahacca*, Musk and Ambergrease,

*Oderiferous Trochisks.*

*Recipe Ladanum*, the purest, three Ounces, Storax an ounce and an half, Benjamin one ounce, *Lignum Aloes* two Drams, Oriental Musk half a Scruple, pound the Aloes in a Brass Mortar, and sift through a silk Sieve; powder the Ambergrease apart with mixing it with never so little Oyl of Nutmegs, and the Musk, by mixing it with a little Sugar: Melt the Roll of Storax in a Brass Mortar, beat and sift the Ladanum and Benjamin, and reduce them into a Paste with Gum Tragacanth: Or else,

*Lignum Aloes* five Drams, Ambergrease three drams, Oriental Musk one Dram.

Other Odoriferous Perfumes, called the Cyprian Birds.

Take Powder of Willow Coals three ounces, Labdanum two ounces, Storax, Benjamin, An half an ounce ; Mistick, sweet Tacamahacca, and yellow Amber, two drams of each ; *Lignum Rhodium* a dram and a half ; make them up with Mucilage or Gum Tragacanth, extracted with Rose-water, and dry them in the shade.

*Others Richer.*

Take Coals of Rosemary Pulverized four ounces, Storax and Benjamin of each an ounce, Roots of Cypress, Aromatick Reed, Mattich and Amber, of each one dram, Cloves one dram, Musk, Ambergrease and Civit ten grains : reduce them into a Paste with Gum Tragacanth, extracted with Grange-Flower-Water, and dry them in the shade.

*Others more Rich.*

Take Rosin of Storax, choice Benjamin, and Sallow-Tree-Ashes, of each one ounce, Ambergrease one dram, Musk half a dram, Zibit six Grains, distilled Oyls of *Lignum Rhodium*, Cinnamon and Cloves, of each six drops ; make up the Trochisces with Gum Tragacanth, extracted with Rose-water.

*A sweet Powder of Violets.*

Take the Roots of Florence Orice one pound, yellow Sanders five ounces ; red Roses four ounces, Storax, Benjamin, of each two ounces ; Cypress and tops of Marjoram, of each one ounce ; *Lignum Rhodium* half an ounce ; Cloves, Aromatick Reed, and Flowers of Lavender, of each two drams ; make all into a course Powder for sweet-Bags.

The true and genuine Receipt of that famous Spirit called the Queen of Hungaries Water ; so called by reason of the wonderful effects which a Queen of Hungary received by it, at the age of seventy two years.

Take four pound of Rosemary-flowers, gathered in a fair morning, two or three hours after Sunrising, and pick'd from all the green part ; put them into a Cucurbite, and pour upon them three quarts of Spirit of Wine well rectified ; then lay down the Flowers into the said Spirit, and then cover the Cucurbite with its head and Alembick, lute well all the Juncture with paste and paper ; then place it in a Sand Bath, and lute a Receiver to it ; then leave it so until the next morning ; then distil it with so moderate a Fire, that whilst the Spirit distilleth, the head may not be so much as warm, or to hasten the Distillation, you may cover the head with a linnen Cloth doubled several times, and dipped in cold Water, and dip again, and cool the head several times ; continue the Distillation until you have drawn about three quarts of Spirit, which will be very pure, and charged with the best and volatile substance of the flowers ; then take out all the Fire, and let the Bath cool ; unlute the Vesse's, and put the Spirit into a Bottle well stopped ; then strain and press out the liquor that remains in the Cucurbite, and clarifie it ; then pour it into the Cucurbite again, and distil it until remaineth in the bottom of the consistence near a thick as Honey, or a thick Syrup, which put into Pipkin well glaz'd, and boil it over a gentle Fire to the thickness of an ordinary Extract ; put the last Spirit into a Bottle by it self.

## Of Metals and Precious Stones.

*In the first place you must know how to melt Crystal ; which is thus done.*

**B** Eat Crystal to bits, and put the bits into an Iron Spoon ; cover it and lute it well, and heat it in the Fire till it be red hot, then quench it in Oyl of Tartar ; this do so often till they will easily beat to Powder in a Morter, which will then easily melt.

### *To make Glass green.*

Green Glass is made of Fern-ashes ; Crystal or Venice Glass is dy'd Green with Ore of Copper, or with the Calx of Copper, five or Six grains to an ounce.

### *To Counterfeit a Diamond.*

Take a Sapphire of a faint colour, and put it into the middle of a Crucible in quick Lime, and put it into a gentle Fire, and heat it by degrees till it is red hot ; keep it so for six or seven hours ; then let it stand in the Crucible till it be cold, by which means it will lose all its Colour, and be perfectly like a Diamond, so that no File will be able to touch it. If the colour be not all vanish'd at the first heating, you must heat it again till it be perfect.

### *To make a Counterfeit Diamond of Crystal.*

First prepare your Crystal by putting it into a Crucible in a Reverberatory heat, then take it out and cast into cold Water ; so it will crack and reduce to Powder ; of which Powder take an equal quantity with Salt of Tartar, or Salt Alkali, ( to which mixture you may add what colour you please, which must be either Metaline or Mineral ) put them into a very strong Crucible, filling it about half full, and covering it close, and melt all a strong Fire till it come to be like Glass.

*How then to Counterfeit a Diamond by Crystal.*

Put Crystal into a Crucible, and set it in a Glass Furnace all Night, and then bright it into fine Powder; mix it with equal parts of Sal Tartar, then digest all Night in a vehement heat, but yet not to melt, then take them out, and put them into another Vessel that will stoutly endure the Fire; let them stand melted two days, and then take out the Mass.

*To make a Calcedon.*

Mingle a little Calcin'd Silver with the Powder of Crystal, and let it stand in infusion twenty four hours.

*To Counterfeit a Ruby.*

Take Crystal three ounces, scales of Brass ha<sup>o</sup> together made and m<sup>o</sup> set it to make polish Or ground Powd Lixivi make into v Oyl.

*To Counterfeit a Carbuncle.*

Mix Crystal with a little red Lead, putting into a Furnace for twenty four hours; then take it out, powder and seirce it, to which add a little Calcin'd Brass; melt all again, and add a small quantity of Leaf-Gold, stirring it well three four hours, and in a day and a night it will be done.

*To make an Amethyst.*

Take Crystal one pound, Manganese one drachm and melt them.

*To make a Jacynth.*

Put Lead into a strong Crucible, and set it in a Furnace, let it stand there about six weeks, that it be like Glass.

*To make an Artificial Crysolite.*

Mix a sixth part of the scales of Iron, letting stand in a vehement Fire for three days.

*To make Artificial Topaz.*

Add two Drams of *Crocus Martis*, red Lead three ounces, first putting in the Lead, then the *Crocus*.

*To make an Artificial Sapphire.*

Put two Drams of *Zaphira* to a pound of melted Crystal, then stir it continually from top to bottom with an Iron Hook, till it be well mixed, keep it in the Furnace three Days, and the work is done, though when it is coloured, if it be not presently removed from the Fire, it will lose its colour again.

*To make Coral.*

Take the scrapings of Goats Horns, beat them together, and infuse them in a strong Lixivium, made of Salt Beech, for five Days, then take it out and mingle it with Cinnabar, dissolved in Water, set it to a gentle Fire, that it may grow thick, then make it into what form you please, then dry and polish it.

Or else, Take Minium one ounce, Vermilion ground fine, half an ounce, Quick-lime, and Powder of Calcin'd Flints, of each six ounces, a Lixivium of Quick-lime and Wine, and enough to make it thick, add to it a little Salt, then make it into what form you please, and boil it in Linseed Oyl.

*To make an Artificial Emerald.*

Take Brads three Days Calcin'd in Powder, which put again into the Furnace with Oyl, and a weaker Fire; let it stay there four Days, adding a double quantity of fine Sand or Powder of Crystal; when it is somewhat hardened, keep it at a more gentle Fire for twelve Hours, and it will be a glorious Green.

Or else, Take fine Crystal two ounces, Flower of Brads infused in Vinegar, and strained, one ounce, Sal

Sal Tartary one ounce and an half; mix and lurn them into a Crucible, and put all into a Glafs-makers Furnace, for twenty four Hours, and it will be glorious indeed.

*To make Artificial Amber.*

Boil Turpentine in an Earthen Pot, with a little Cotton (some put a little Oyl) stirring it till it is as thick as Patte, then put it into what Vessel you please, and set it in the Sun, and it will be clear and hard.

Or else, Take sixteen Yelks of Eggs, and beat them with a Spoon, Gum-Arabeck, two ounces, Cherry tree Gum an ounce; make the Gums into Powder, and mix them well with the Yolks of Eggs, let the Gums melt well, and put them into a Pot well leaded; then set them six days in the Sun, and they will be hard, and shine like Glass, and when you rub them, they will take up a Wheat Straw, as other Amber does.

*To make Artificial Pearls.*

Mix Calx of Luna and Egg-shels with leaf Silver, ground with the best Varnish, of which make Paste and having bor'd them with a Hogs-Bristle, dry them in the Sun or in an Oven.

*To make white Enamel.*

Take Calx of Lead two ounces, Calx of Tin four ounces make it into a Body with twelve ounces of Crystal, roll it into round Balls, and set it on a gentle Fire for a Night, stirring it about with an Iron Rod, till it is melted.

*To make Azure.*

Take Sal Ammoniack three ounces, make them into Powder, and put them into a Glass with water of Tartar, so that it may be somewhat thick, stop the Glass, and digest in Sand, in Horse-Dung for eight or ten days, and it will be a good Azure.

To

*To lay Gold on Glass.*

Take Chalk and red Lead, of each alike, grind them together, and temper them with Linseed-Oyl, lay it one, and when it is almost dry, lay leaf-Gold upon it, let it dry, then polish it.

*To Gild Iron with Water.*

Take Spring-water three pints, Roch-Allom three ounces, *Roman* Vitriol, Orpiment, one ounce of Verdigrease twenty four Grains, Sal Gem, three ounces; boil all together, and when it begins to boil, put in Tartar and Bay-salt, of each half an ounce; continue the boiling a good while; then take it from the Fire, strike the Iron over therewith, dry it against the Fire, and burnish it.

*To lay Gold on Iron or other Metals.*

Take liquid Varnish one pound, Oyl of Linseed and Turpentine, of each one ounce, mix them well together, strike this over any Metal, and then lay on the Gold or Silver, and when it is done polish it.

*To gild Silver or Brass with Gold water.*

Take Quick-silver two ounces, put it on the fire in a Crucible, and when it begins to smoak, put into it an Angel of fine Gold, then take it off immediately, for the Gold will presently be dissolv'd; then if it be too thin, strain a part of the Quick-silver from it through a peice of Fustian; this done, rub the Gold and Quick-silver upon the Brass or Silver, and it will cleave to it; then put the said Brass or Silver upon quickCoals till it begin to smoke then take it from the Fire, and scratch it with a Hair-brush, and that do till the Mercury be rubb'd as clean off as may be, and the Gold appear of a faint Yellow, which colour is to be heightned with Sal Ammoniack, Bole and Verdigrease ground together, and tempered with Water.

*To Gild Books.*

Take Bole Armoniack four penny weight, Saffine Pagar-candy one penny weight, mix and grind them with glair of Eggs, then on a bound Book, in the Press, smear the said Composition; let it be dry, then rub it well and polish it, then with fair water wet the edges of the Book, and suddenly lay on the Gold, pressing it down with Cotten gently, this done, let it dry, and then polish it exactly with a fine Tooth.

*To Gild Silk and Linnen.*

Take Glue made of Parchment, lay it on the Linnen or Silk gently, that it may not sink, then take Ceruse, Bole and Verdigrease, of each alike, mix and grind them upon a Stone, then in a glazed Vessel, mix it with Varnish, which you must let simper over a small Fire, then keep it for use.

*Another of a pure Gold Colour.*

Take Juice of fresh Saffron, or Saffron ground, the best clear Orpiment, of each alike, grind them with Goats gall, or Gall of a Pipe, digest twenty days in Horse-dung, and it is done.

*To Gild Wood or Stone.*

Take Bole Armoniack, Oyl of Benjamin, of each a sufficient quantity, beat and grind them together, with this smear the Wood or Stone, and when it is almost dry, lay on the Leaf-Gold, let it dry and then polish it.

*To write with Leaf-Gold.*

Take Leaves of Gold, and grind them with a few drops of Honey, to which add a little Gum-water, and it will be excellent to Write or Paint with.

*To Gild any Metal.*

Take strong *Aqua-Fortis*, in which dissolve fine Silver or Gold, to which put so much Tartar in

fine

fine Powder, as will make it into Paste, with which  
any Metal, and it will look like Gold or Silv-  
er.

*To Gild, so as not to be rubbed out with any  
Water.*

Take Oaker Calcin'd, Pumice-stone, of each  
like, Tartar alike, beat them with Linseed-Oyl,  
and five or six drops of Varnish, and strain all  
through a Linnen Cloth, with which you may  
gild.

*To write with Silver Letters.*

Take Tin one Ounce, Quick-silver two Ounces,  
mix and melt them, and grind them with Gum-  
water.

*To write with Green Ink.*

Take Verdigrease, Litharge, Quick-silver, of  
a sufficient quantity, grind and mingle them  
with Urine, and it will be a very glorious Green  
write with.

*To write with Blue-Ink.*

Grind Blue with Honey, and temper it with  
um-water, made of glair of Eggs, or Hing-  
us.

several ways for the private Conveyance of Love-  
Letters.

Take Alom and dissolve it in fair Water, and  
write upon a white Cloth or Napkin, when it is  
y it will not be seen at all; but when you would  
e the Letters visible, dip the Cloth in fair  
ater, and the Cloth will be of a wet colour all  
er, but where the Alom was writ with.

*Another way.*

Take Litharge and put it into an Earthen Pot,  
ing a little hole in it, put thereto a little Vi-  
gar, then boil them both together, and strain  
Liquor. This being made ready, be sure the  
letter received be writ with the juice of a good

Limon; which when you would read, you must dip in the said Liquor, and the Letters will appear upon the Paper of a milky colour.

*To read Letters at the Fire.*

Take the Juice of an Onion, or a Pomegranate, and write upon Paper, and the Letters will not be seen till the Paper be well warmed at the Fire.

*Or thus,*

Take Sal-Antmoniack, and when you have bruised it, mingle it with Water, then write upon the Paper, and the Letters will not be visible, but held to the Fire, and then they will appear of black Colour.

*Or thus,*

Take Ceruse, and mix it with Tragacanth, which mixture will be made a colour like that of Paper, so that it cannot be discerned from it, with this mixture write upon your Paper, for it cannot be read till held against the Fire.

*Some Letters cannot be read, till rubb'd over with Flower.*

To this purpose take Vinegar or Urine, write upon any part of the Arm or Thigh; the Letters will not be seen till they be rubbed over with fine Meal, or the ashes of burnt Paper.

If you take the Milk of a Fig-tree, and upon Paper, it cannot be read till it be rubbed over with Charcoal dust.

Otherwise you may dissolve a little Goats with a small quantity of Turpentine, and have rubbed your Paper with it, keep it by you: when you have occasion to use it, put the Paper in your pocket, and when you intend to send to your Friend upon a Table Board, and with an Iron Pen, write down the Letters, for the Fat will so stick to the Paper, that the Letters can never be read, till rubbed over with Dust.

## Several Secrets of Art and Nature.

*How a Man may wash his Hands in melted Lead without harm.*

**T**ake an Ounce of Quick-silver, two ounces of good Bole-Armoniack, half an ounce of Amphiare, and two ounces of Aqua-Vitæ, and put them into a Brazen Mortar, then beat them with Peitle; which being done, anoint your Hands all over with this Ointment, and you may wash your hands in melted Lead without any danger.

*To make a Sword or Knife so tempered, as to cut Iron like Lead.*

**L**et a Sword or Knife, when it is once fashion'd, first made red hot, then quenched in juice of dishes, mixed with the Distilled water of fresh earth-worms, being somewhat bruised before Distillation. A Sword or Knife quenched in this water four or five times, will have so sharp an edge, that you may cut Iron with it as easily as lead.

*To make Steel as soft as Paste.*

**T**ake the Gall of an Ox, Man's Urine, Verjuice, and the Juice of Nettles, of each a small quantity, and mix them well together; then quench the steel red hot in the Liquor, and it will become as soft as Paste.

*To make People seem Headless.*

**B**reak Arsenick very fine, and boil it with Sulphur in a covered Pot, and kindle it with new wandle.

*To make People look as if they were dead.*

**T**ake Aqua-Composita, and mingle it with Salt, Fire it in the Night time, putting all other vergets out.

46 Several Secrets of Art and Nature.

For Merriment at Table.

To make a Man's Hands black by wiping with  
his Napkin.

Take Chalcanthum a Gall or two, and Bruis them; then sift them in a fine Sieve, and reduce them to a very fine Powder to strew upon Napkins: which being done, rub the Powder into the Cloth. Who soever, after washing, with that Napkin or Towel, will so daub his Face, as if he had dipped it in Ink.

To binder, a Man from swallowing his Meat.

Take of the Root of the Herb called *Bella Dona* one Dram beaten small, and put it into a Gluck of Wine, letting it stand for the space of two hours, In the morning drink to the Party whom you intend to put the trick, and give your prepared Glass, about three hours before dinner. When he comes to Dinner, his chaps will be so sore, that he will be able by no means to swallow his Meat; when you have had sport enough, let him gargle his Mouth with a little Vinegar or M and he will be immediately as well as ever.

Otherwise, Take the fine Powder of the *Arisaron*, and sprinkle it upon what Meat you please, instead of Cinnamon or Pepper; for Powder will so hurt his Chaps, and the inside of his Mouth, that it will cause him to make an hundred Faces; nor will the smart cease, till he has washed his Mouth with Milk.

The Leaves also of *Colocasia*, or the *Egyptian Bean*, being mingled in a Sallad, will fill the Mouth of him that eats it with such a clammy Spittle, that he will be able neither to eat or swallow his Mouth well washed his Mouth.

To make the Meat seem bitter.

Rub the edge of the Knife, or the Napkin, the Pith of *Cologuinctida*, and it will leave

such a bitterness, that whatever the Knife cuts, will seem bitter, and the oftner he cuts and wipes his Mouth, the more his Tongue, Palate, and Mouth will be infected, so that he must be forced to leave his Meat.

To cause a Cup to stick to the Lips, that it can hardly be pulled away.

Take the Milk of a Fig-Tree, and mingle it with Gum Tragacanth, and anoint the Brims of the Cup; which when it is dry will not be seen; give the Cup where you design full of Liquor, and before the Party has done drinking, it will stick so fast to his Lips, that it will be almost impossible to pluck it away.

That a Woman shall not eat the meat upon the Table.

Take a little green Basil, and convey it privately under the Dish; for so long as the Herb lies under the Dish, the Woman can eat none of the meat.

## The Art of Complementing and Wooing.

*A mixture of Complemental Expressions.*

SIR, You honour me in this Acknowledgment. Sir, I shall tell the Lady how zealous you are in her Commendations.

Madam, 'Tis in your power to oblige my Soul, your Beauty has power to melt a Scythian's Bōm.

Madam, be pleased to let me Seal my true Devotion with a Kiss.

43 *The Art of Complementing and Wooing*

Be pleased to tell me, Sir, how I may shew  
self thankful to you for your Love.

Sir, You have bound me to be your grate  
Debtor.

Pardon me, Sir, if I have not done you Hon  
worthy your Deserts.

Sir; Your former Honours, so largely bestow  
upon my mean Deserts, have been prevailing  
rators with me in your behalf.

Madam, I know not what neglect of mine  
cast this Scorn upon me.

Sir, You have charmed me, and I obey in Amb  
things.

Sir, You have Conquered me in a Noble C Love  
tesie.

Sir, You have Conquered Friendship by La  
Example.

Sir, I hope I have yours and your Ladies leave Slave  
exchange a word with your fair Daughter.

I am happy to see my self in such a Golden Piece  
of worthy Friends.

Madam, You much honour me in these Entertainments, which though they oblige my just World  
knowledge, yet hold no proportion more than to enflame my Heart, or express my welcome, Sir  
this your free Grace, and those hopes from more Favour that bless my Imagination.

Sir, You have deserved more Service and  
gard from me, than Life can thank you for.

Lady, All my Wealth is sumin'd up, when She  
are pleased to smile upon me.

Pray, Sir, receive this Stranger to your knowledge; for, on my Credit, he deserves it others.  
Parts.

Lady, In you alone the Faculties of my Beauty  
are wholly taken up,

Madam, All your Desires are absolute Commands.

Lady, The Magazine of all Rich Treasure is contained in your Perfections.

Sir, I am your humble Observer, and wish you all Accumulation of Prosperity.

Lady, you are the Paragon of Beauty, match'd with Virtue.

Sir, Your full worth speaks as loud an Accent of Desert, as he that merits most.

Noble Sir, You are the only Person I have an Ambition to Honour,

Lady, You are the Pride of Nature and of Love; Beauty and Virtue, in a high contention, strive which should not exceed each other in you,

Lady, I have not seen that Beauty worthy to be beloved, till your Inchanting looks made me Slave to Cupid's Cruelty.

Nature hath framed you, Lady, for her Master-piece; as the most pure abstract of all that is rare in Women.

Lady, I kiss your Hand, and must assure the world, that the richest Virtues are your Bosom-tenants.

Sir, Your Favours challenge more true Service, in more true Love and Faith, than I have words to utter.

*A Lover describing his Mistress.*

She is Wit, Beauty, Chastity, and all that can make Women lovely to Man's Soul; so far from the Capacity of any ill, that the Virtues of all others, like foil, do but tell of her Perfections.

She is young in Years, and of such absolute Beauty and Dexterity of Wit, and gentle Qualities, that she is reputed not without admiration.

50 *The Art of Complementing and Wooing.*

*Her Features and Graces Commended.*

Lover. You are pleased to smile upon me, gentle Lady, and I have taken into my Heart more than Imaginary Blessings.

Lady. I am not worthy your flattery.

Lover. Lady, I do not flatter you, and let *Venus* her self be Judge; 'twere a Sin to be modest in your Praises. Here is a Hand let Nature shew me such another; a Brow, a Cheek, a Lip so enticing that I am happy that *Cupid himself* is blind; for could he see, he would forsake his Mistress to be my Rival, and choose to be banish'd Heaven for your Embraces.

Lady. I can be patient to hear you mock me.

Lover. Lady, those Divine Beams proceeding from your Eyes, are able to thaw the Frozen Earth without another Sun.

Your Voice is such a one, that should the Holy Church-man use it, it would without the addition of more Exorcism, dischant Houses, and tie up the Night Ghosts that haunt the solitary Groves.

You are the Heavenly piece, which when Nature had wrought, she lost her Needle, like one that never hoped to work again any other so fair and lively.

Lady, Could I expire, these White and Innocent Hands, at the same time closing my Eyes, were not to die, but to be transported to *Elysium* in a Dream.

In your fair looks, sits a Divinity able to charm Kings to admire and adore.

Continual Smiles, create long Summer on your Cheeks.

At your bright Eyes, *Cupid* warms his Wings.

In your Breath are Musick and rich Perfumes; resembling those Aromatick Winds, that sing the *Phœnix's* Obsequies.

Madam

*The Art of Complementing and VVooing.* 51

Madam, You teach all Hearts Novelty, with the Musick of your Voice.

Your Eyes are Nature's richest Diamonds, set in Foils of polish'd Ivory.

Your Breath sends forth more sweet Odours than issued from the Palm-trees of Paradise ; one Glance from your fair Eyes, makes all that gaze your Idolaters.

Cupid has taken his stand in your Eyes, and shoots at all before him.

The Lillies being censured, for comparing with your more clear and Native Purity, want wite to do their Pennance in.

I must study a new Arithmetick, to sum up the Vertues that make you excellent.

She is a Noble Casket, wherein lies Beauty and Chastity in their full perfection.

Not Rose, nor Lilly, nor the glorious *Hyacinth*, are of sweetness, tenderness, and whiteness, as your self, fair Lady.

Thou art all handsomness, my Dear, so that Nature will be ashamed to frame another : Now that thou art made, thou hast clear robbed her of all her cunning. Were every Woman in the World like you, so full of goodness, Angels would come and dwell with us.

Your Voice sends forth such Musick, that I never was ravish'd with a more Celestial sound.

Those fair Eyes bring back the Spring.

Her breath is like the smoak of Spices.

Her Breath Perfumes the Air she breaths in.

Turn back your Comet Eyes, or I shall perish in the Flaines.

She whispers like the Lute.

Her Eyes are Diamonds, set in purest Gold.

Not the unblown Rose, nor Mines of Crystal, nor the Diamond are so pure as she.

52 *The Art of Complementing and Wooing.*

The very Air is ravished with her touch.  
Here Neck is more white than the new fallen  
Snow.

Those Eyes were Juno's, those Eyes were once  
the Queen of Love's; that Virgin-blush was Dia-  
na's. Thus, Madam, you have a Donative from  
every Deity.

Her Air is like those Tresses that Adorn A *ollo'*  
Head.

Her Locks soft as the new spun Silk, curling  
with such a natural Wantonness, as if they knew  
to delight the Fancy of her that wears them.

Her Fore-head is a goodly Prospect, that shew  
like a Castle, commanding some goodly Country.

Her Face so full of Majesty, that Aurora blusht  
to see a Countenance brighter then her own  
her Face is full of Sun-shine.

Her Eyes dart Lightning through the Skies  
The Stars borrow new Light from her more ri-  
dant Eyes: They are able to Grace the Heaven  
and Beautify the Sky in the darkeſt Night.

Her Smiles so graceful and so full of Comfort  
that with them she is able to revive a dyin  
Lover.

Her Cheeks shew like Lawn spread upon Rosa  
Nature Painted the Colour thereof in the mo-  
glorius Tulip.

Her Chin shews like a peice of pure and polish'd  
Ivory, which the God of Love delights to up-  
hold with his soft Hand.

Her Tongue is tipt with such a free and pow-  
erful Art, as might tame the most rebellious Spirit.

Her words invade the weakened Senſes, and ove-  
come the Heart.

Her Neck is of such a whiteness, as exceeds  
unfullied Snow.

Her Hands soft and smooth, the Violet Veins of which run long, and spread themselves like Mines of Turkoises.

Her Breasts are two Mountains of Snow, from the two Fountains of which, *Cupid* himself sucks Nectar.

*Complements at Table,*

Sir, You are welcome to this homely Fare; I am sorry 'tis no better for you: I could wish it hand-somer, but only, Sir, our House affords it not.

*Ans.* Courteous Lady, I am so much indebted to the matchless bounty of your House, that my Thanks are the only the poor things that shame me.

Such noble Welcome we have had this Day, that we are forced to take blushing leaves, because we can pay nothing but bare Thanks.

Please you, Sir, to taste a poor slight Banquet?

*Ans.* My Fortune makes me more than amends in your sweet kindness, Lady.

Friends, You are welcome to my poor Table, please you to set and eat?

*Ans.* Your Delicates are so superabundant, that *Cleopatra* her self might revel here, and be contented.

Sir, A good Health to the fair Precedent of all Vertue and Beauty, that now seems to reside in your Melancholy Thoughts.

May this Table make a lasting League of Amity between us.

Worthy Sir, I do much admire so happy a Confederacy.

Many thanks, Sir, for your worthy Entertainment. Your Entertainment has obliged me.

*After Dinner,*

Sir, You will excuse your bad Entertainment, otherwise we must oblige our selves to make you a better.

Sir,

## 54 The Art of Complementing and VVooing.

Sir, Your Entertainment hath been very good, there has been no fault, there is no need of Excuses.

At least you may assure your self to have been lookt upon with Respect, and to have been Cordially received, I wish I could testify my affection to you, in a thing that were more worthy of you.

Sir, I have had so many Testimonies of your Favour, that I am ashamed I have not been able to give you better Acknowledgments; which I shall be ready to do, when you are pleased to honour me with your Commands. At present I humbly thank you for this Noble Entertainment, and kiss your Hands.

Sir, I Recommend my self to your good thoughts.

Madam, The favour I have received from your Husband, obliges me to you both. I cannot at present give you sufficient thanks; but I beseech you to believe that my apprehension of them is such, that I shall give my self no Repose, till I have found an occasion to revenge my self.

### *To present a Gift.*

Lady, Occasion ripens my whole Discharge for your great Favours, be pleased to wear this Diamond, which betrays its want of Lustre, and comes with an Ambition to recover Flames from your Eyes. Lady, The Gift is not worth the mention of so much Gratitude. Your Breasts makes the Oblation rich, and I am encouraged by your Virtue to present you with something of more Value: I give you my Heart, Lady.

Sir, I beseech you accept of this small Trifle, only as a remembrance of my succeeding thankfulness.

Lady; I have first in charge this Kiss, and than this Paper; the Language wilt soon tell you from whom it comes.

Lady, I have here a Token sent you from a Friend

## *The Art of Complementing and Wooing.* 55

Friend of yours, as the remembrance of his Love.  
He entreats you to accept this Token of his fair  
Wishes towards you.

### *Congratulation.*

Vertue bless you, Lady.

Happy be your Arrival, Noble Friend.

I am glad to see you well, to see you lusty, and  
good health about you.

I am much affected with your safe return, you  
bring a general Joy.

### *Recommendation.*

My humble Duty to him.

If in my Name, you will be pleased to tender my  
Thanks for his Noble Love, I shall rest highly in-  
debted to you.

Spare a little of your choicest Language, dear  
Friend, to let her know how I love her, and how  
I languish for her.

### *Well-wishing.*

The Blessings of your Mistress fall upon you.

May all things lie level to your Wishes.

May you inherit your Desires.

What ever Joy the Earth yields succeed to you.

All Content both Day and Night crown your  
Desires.

### *Excuse.*

Let me beg your Pardon, gentle Lady.

Let my boldness prove Pardonable.

Let my Submission salve my Presumption.

It was my Ignorance, and not Presumptuous  
Boldness.

### *Short Returns of Thanks.*

It is an Honour, and I so receive it.

I stand indebted for a benefit to you.

Such indearments will impoverish my Grati-  
tude.

You oblige my Gratitude.

To

## 56 The Art of Complementing and Wooing.

### To Recommend a Friend to a Friend.

Sir, I present this Gentleman to kiss your Hand  
he has a great Ambition to be known to you,

Sir, I must present this Gentleman to be more  
known to you.

Sir, Here is a deserving Person, on whom I can  
treat you to throw your Welcomes.

### The Time of the Day given.

#### The best Day to Natures Curiosity.

Lady, I wish you a Morning as fair as your own  
Beauty.

A fair Morning descend upon you Sir.

Good Morrow, Lady Venus, and the Graces sun  
this Day, have laid their Hands about you. You  
look fairer than your self, and move in the Sphere  
of Love and Beauty.

Good Night, good Night, Dearest; this part-  
ing is so sweet a grief, that I could say good Night  
till it be good Morrow.

A happy Day to you all, Genteels.

### To drink a Health.

Sir, A Health to your Mistress, a hearty Health  
and a deep one.

Sir, My Duty gladly answers.

### On the Bridal Night.

Good Night, fair Lady, most Beauteous Maid  
and as that Name shall vanish, Beauteous Wife  
may your Happiness continue long with the same  
Harmony as they begin.

### To the Man.

Good Night, Sir, and be Jolly, and take your  
Lady to you, and whatever shall thwart your Happi-  
ness, be accurst;

### To Request a kindness.

Sir, The good Affection which you have alway  
testified towards me, hath made me take the bold  
nets to request a Courteisie of you; that you would

ng. The Art of Complementing and Wooing. 57

land be pleased to give me your Advice, and lend me your assistance in an Affair of Moment; it would add to your former Obligations, and I shall be always obliged, particularly to acknowledge.

I en Sir the Affection which I bear you, is sincere, and as for that little proof, that you have seen thereof, it is but a small pattern of that which I desire to perform on your behalf. Assure your self therefore, that in this which you demand, and upon all other occasions, you shall find me always disposed to serve you.

ow Sir, You double the Obligation you have laid upon me, by your readiness and freeness, nor will it ever be in the Power, either of my Words or Actions, to make an full acknowledgment.

sun Sir, If you think I have either Power or Will to deserve from you, let me beg a small Request at your Hands.

You Fair Lady, make your humble Servant proud to kiss your white Hands.

hem Sir, I would pray one favour from you.

art Sir, Will it please you, since you have given me the Power, that I may intreat an Honour from you.

ght Ans. You shall not desire what is your own already; whatever it be, you are Mistress of your Desires.

1th Lady, I must make a Suit, and an earnest Suit to you.

1d One Suit, Sir, and I willingly cease to be a Begger.

fe Returns of Thanks.

an Sir, That good Affection, which you have made appear towards me, commands me to give you Thanks for the Honour and Favour which you were pleased to do me. You have obliged me more than any Person in the World.

58 *The Art of Complementing and Wooing.*

Sir, I cordially love my Friends, and do not willingly refuse them any thing which is in my power. Take what I do in good part, and believe I would do more for you.

Sir, I have not merited this Favour, it behoves me to seek all Opportunities, to make you a full acknowledgment.

Sir, Yours Thanks have surpassed the Service I have done you. I would not put you to purchase so dearly the Favour of your Friends. I can assure you, Sir, there is nothing in my power, which is not at your Command.

Sir, I cannot doubt of your Affection; and be confident I shall ever acknowledge it.

Sir, My want of Power to satisfie so great a Debt, makes me accuse my Fortune. But if out of the Bounty of your Mind, you think a free Surrender of my self, a full Payment, I gladly tender it.

Sir, My Soul is full of Thanks, do but name any Employment, to assure you, and you shall make me twice happy.

Sir, I hope you have sow'd your Affection in a Fruitful Ground, to return what I owe with a Plentiful Harvest.

Sir, I stand engag'd to you for so many Favours, that I hold it a breach of Thankfulness to omit any Duty, which may approve me not ungrateful.

Sir, Had I more than one Life, you would oblige me to lose them in your Service.

Sir, Your constant Virtues have deserved more Recompence, than Fate will minister by me. Yet be pleased to know, Sir, That my Inabilities have made my Gratitude only sick, not dead.

Sir, Your Courtesie challenges much from my Requital.

Sir,

## The Art of Complementing and Wooing. 59

Sir, You deserve by many bounties ever to command me.

Sir, I must thank your Love; your Heart doth speak a noble Friendship.

Sir, I kiss your Hands, and return you humble Thanks for all your noble Favours.

Madam, My duty shall ever speak my Thankfulness.

Sir, You pay me with a blessing, if my Name do but live within your Memory.

### Terms of Salutation.

Lady. I have never been so happy as to behold so sweet an Object. Wherefore, without injury, I presume you are the Lady of this House, and so Salute you.

As many Happinesses wait upon you, Lady, as there are Beams shot from the Sun this pleasant Morning; let me embrace you more in Heart than Hand, and let all Affection keep at Court.

Worthy Friend, most opportunely met.

The acknowledgment I owe your Favours, Madam, brings me.

Lady, Though I am unworthy, I could be proud to be your Servant.

Lady, The sweet Minutes that divorce me from your Embraces, seem Years to me.

### To his Mistress going out of Town.

Lady, I am bound to find you, hearing lately of a sudden Journey which you intend.

Ans. Not so sudden as to want the manners to leave you unregarded.

Lover. I hope, Lady, you did not believe I had such unhandsome thoughts of you — But how long will it be e'er you return?

Ans. Much the sooner if you might be a gainer by my Service. Yet it will be no small happiness if I may hear often from you, and a greater Favour if

If I may receive an account of the welfare of the few Friends that I must leave behind.

*Lover.* I shall most diligently obey, for there no Man prouder of your Commands.

*The Departure.*

Adieu, Dear Beauty, it behoves me to be banished from you, that I may dispose my Soul to esteem you the more; one way by the loss of your Presence; another way by recollecting the Thought of past Happiness.

Truely Sir, You have great reason to make use of your Fancy when you would pra'e me. For Thought and Fancy will frame imaginary Merit where your Eyes and Judgment will find the contrary.

Madam, You do very well to make use of new Customs, I believe you will perswade your self to speak false, that you might have an advantage over me that breaths nothing but the truth. It is impossible such a Vanity should make you offend that which I honour. You will gain nothing by it but the pleasure of fine Words.

Sir, Call them rather True, and then you will speak Truth your self.

You continue, Madam, acquiring new Glories to your Perswasions, by maintaining Paradoxes against your Beauty, which will be always perfect in it self, though not in your Opinion.

Sir, If I am perfect, I know my self, and if I know my self, I may be permitted to title my self very poor in Merit. But you would perswade the contrary to exercise your Parts; knowing it a greater honour to vanquish Truth, than to sustain it.

Madam, The design which I have to serve you, may give you Testimony sufficient of that Power which you have to dispose of me. Yet I see no reason that the belief which I have taken of your Beau-

Beauty, with the clearest Judgment, should be swallowed up by your unbelieving Opinions.

They say that Contrariety animates Persons the more, and therefore I shall be silent, that I may hinder these unjust Praises. Perhaps you will have pity on my feeble resistance, and will be weary of Conquering so easily.

Madam, 'Tis my self that ought rather to keep silence, being my self so lately in an Astonishment. But as for you, it would be a Sin against your fair Lips, whose Word's are Oracles.

Then, pray, Sir, Why do you not believe all I say, since all Oracles are Truth?

Why, Madam, will you still go about to hinder by perswasion, the belief which I have taken with Sight and Judgment. For I will believe your Beauty against all your unbelief and undervaluings, and and also continue the Service which I have sworn you, against any thing that shall hinder it. Future Ages shall admire your Merit, and my Servitude.

I fear me, Time will alter this Opinion.

Madam, Time can do nothing against what Love has Ordained. But wherefore this superfluity of Speech? It is more necessary for me, at this time to demand of you remedies for this Retirement, the Apprehension of which makes me endure no small trouble.

Sir, It behoves you only to forget your design of serving me, and you will soon avoid the pains that you fear;

No, Madam, I will keep the Memory of my design eternally, and doubt not but always to see represented before me the glory of my Enterprise. Adieu, great Beauty, you shall never cast your Eyes downward, but you shall perceive lying at your Feet, him that admires you; nor ever elevate your Thoughts to your deserts, but you shall remem-

remember your Conquest. Adieu, fairest, for I leave the Sun, and go to seek out Night, Sorrow's Cell.

*The return.*

I am come, Madam, to receive as much content from your Cheerful Countenance, as the loss of it has yielded me Sorrow. I know the good will now be as great as the evil, Since they proceed both from the same Cause.

Sir, I believe you receive the one, as well as you have suffered the other; but I beseech you to tell me whence that Pain proceeds, which you say you indure. For as for my self, I believe the Pleasure of Thinking is greater than that of Seeing.

Madam, It is permitted me to think, but Experiment so bids me to believe that Opinion. For I receive from my Thoughts only a good Imagination. On the contrary, the sight cannot Err.

But it is said, that the presence contents the Eyes which are Mortal; but that absence Exercises the Soul; and therefore if my absence affected you, you might have easily avoided your Pain.

It was some good Genius that took me yesterday from your Eyes, that I might the better value the happiness of their Lustre, and avoid the extremity of that Pain, which the loss of them made me endure, causing in me such an Impatience to whom, that every hour I stay'd from you seemed an Age.

Sir, That which is foreseen is easily avoided:

Now you perceive whence the evil you speak of proceeds, yet the little occasion you have to fear it, makes you find it out willingly. Therefore blame your own desires, that have procured you this evil, and complain not of Destiny, which is always just.

Madam,

Madam, My Will is not the Cause; for then I should flye my self, and come back to you; but love to abuse me the more, gave me the desire, without hindred the effects; but it behoves a true passion to overcome the violence of all opposition e going a diligent constancy.

*The Lover's Tryal.*

Madam, If the Opportunities of serving you were as ordinary as those of speaking to you, I would rendred you as many Services as I have spoken words. I dare not confirm them always with the same Testimonies: And since I am so little capable of perswasion, I fear I shall discover my Ignorance and not my Servitude.

Sir, I am of Opinion that the Custom of perswasion is only used there where truth is wanting, and therefore seeing you have always protested Truth, you ought now to make use of it, else you will make your Oaths and my Credit, as indifferent as your Words and Assurances would be.

The Cunning of a Discourse shall never do me such an ill office, as to make me believe an untruth. For I am Ignorant of the Custom and Invention of it, which deters me from any such Enterprize. To the end, that being warranted from the disturbance which I find between the Resolution and the Event, I may give you for an Assurance, that the whole World seeing so Noble a design as mine, will judge that I owe an Eternal Perseverance in it.

Be advised, Sir, to conform your mind to your Words, for Time will give us always Opportunities to distinguish between those that are feigned, and those that are true; for if I do not find them true, you will repent to have so vainly lost them; while I reserve to my self this Power to reject or accept of what you tender me.

Why

## 64 The Art of Complementing and Wooing

Why should your belief take any Ill Impression of your Servant? I call Love, and your Beauty to Witness that I shall always preserve my self the same.

Well, Sir, I shall content my self at present with your drift, though I shall expect better Assurances.

Madam, be confident, that you shall draw a much Fidelity from your Conquest, as I expect Glory and Happiness from my Subjection.

But shall your Promises be as Faithfully performed as your Oaths?

Much more, Madam, for I can give you but weak words, which my Ignorance furnishes me withal, whereby you work Effects worthy a Glorious Death.

Could you then dye for me, Sir?

Yes, Madam, for that which would be Death to others, would be a Life to me, provided it came from your Hands.

Live then, Sir, and take care your Repentance do not kill you.

'Tis well, Madam, I shall live your Servant, and live long through the Worth of my Preserver.

### *The Lover demands assurance.*

Fairest, it is now time that I should require some Assurance of your Friendship from you, since I cannot grant you that Authority which you have over my Affections, but the Service which I am willing to render to your Power; swear to me, therefore, that you love that which you have subdued, that I may boast my Subjection to be as well a Mark of my Glory as of your Puissance.

Think you, Sir, that what is enlivened by the Eyes, can be beloved by the Heart.

Dear Lady, Why should you not affect that Love,

which you your self have created ? Would  
you cause it to be Born, and Dye at the same In-  
stant ? That would be the Act of an unconstant Soul.  
Tis you, Sir, that run the hazard of being cal-  
led by that name : For if Love proceed from Me-  
you will soon find some one more worthy your  
attention than my self.

Madam, I shall never be so vain as to look after  
any Signal worth than that which you possess.  
Madam, take Council of your own Worth,  
and it will shew how impossible it is to change the  
air Election I have made.

But, Sir, they say, That Love is not always of  
the same Judgment ; so 'tis to be feared that you  
may make use of those agreeable Varieties, that  
Love every day presents to unfaithful Lovers.

Madam, May he banish me from his Empire,  
if I have any other Will, but what is agreeable to  
his ? He sees I am yours, so his Power, and my  
Will are agreed. My Desings concur with his de-  
Commands.

Sir, I do not believe that Love himself could  
force you to Love.

He feared, Madam, lest he should be made him-  
self a Slave. He has no force able to resist your  
Puissance, unless it be your own.

Since therefore you have vanquished all the  
World, there nothing now remains, but that you  
vanquish your self.

Sir, I can do any thing but vanquish, having  
neither Will nor thought, which does not render  
Obedience to that Duty, which I have taken to  
be the perfect Guide of my Life,

Madam, you oppose your Desings to my Pray-  
ers, to the end, this refusal should redouble my  
Passion, and cause me to persit more eagerly in  
the pursuit of your Tempting Graces. Yet it  
suffice

suffices that the Pain and difficulties of the acqu Sir, V  
will remain the Glory of my Conquest, gift will

If Pain and Difficulty can create your Glory own  
why do you complain? Teach

I repine not at the Pain, but at your unkin all see  
ness that will not acknowledge it. But if it I am  
not so, I conjure your fair Lips to produce so w gi  
Assurance of your Friendship. each.

Well, Sir, Then I promise your Servitude, Sir, B  
acknowledge it for the price of your Constan deserv  
and believe this, That as my true Passion only infat  
liges me, so there is no Adjuration shall have pow Madam  
er over me. And I

Madam, I wish I could transforme my wh Then,  
Will into Words, to render sufficient Thank Kiss.  
for this favourable promise: But since I am not jo  
capable of such a Happiness, I will only say thence to  
That he to whom your Favours are so liberal T  
extended, shall pass the rest of his days in yo ladies  
Service. in con

*The Lover satisfied.*

Madam, The day on which you made an Ent tak  
tire Conquest of my Soul and Affections, I had wi  
Thousand Jealousies of my Misfortunes; for thet.  
Fairest Conquests are always Crossed. But siner, It  
my good Fortune has deceived my Apprehension; yo  
therefore by how much your Affection is the more  
Extraordinary, the more carefully shall I keep thence.  
Obligation which I have to serve you. of t

Sir, Your Service is a Happiness, which my de thet  
sire rather Enjoys, than my hope, and there is rea  
son for it, seeing you the Possessor of so man  
Rich Qualities.

Alas! Madam, I must henceforward be a Possess  
sor of nothing, since I must take all from my  
self, to bestow it upon her, for whose sake I can Hon  
willingly suffer my self to Robb'd of all.

Sir, When I shall Enjoy that Happiness, the  
it will be much greater, than all I yet can call  
my own.

Teach me, Madam, how I may swear, and you  
will see what use I will make of it, to assure you  
I am wholly yours, and that whatever Love  
gives you, cannot be taken away but by  
death.

Sir, Be confident, I shall seek all Opportunities  
to deserve you, and receive these words, for the  
most infallible that ever Love swore.

Madam, I shall live always at your Devotion.

And I, Sir, living to you, shall live to my self.  
Then, Lady, let us tie our Souls together with  
Kiss. And this Enterprize having given me so  
much joy as to think of it, I will go Sacrifice my  
thence to your Judgment.

To introduce a Friend into Company.

you ladies and Gentlemen, knowing you were here,  
I come to have the Honour to see you, and  
never, on the Confidence of your Favour, I  
had taken the boldness to bring this Gentleman  
had with me, being a Person that deserves much  
or that.

The Company.

It is a singular Contentment to us, to see  
you and your Friend shall be always wel-  
come. Our Devotion is dedicated wholly to your  
thence. But as for these Ladies, we cannot so dis-  
of them, it lies on your part, and his, to de-  
ny their Favour.

The Strangers Reply.

gentlemen, I durst not have so far presum'd to  
be into your Company, being a Person also  
a Power unknown, had not this Gentleman, my  
m mind, put me under the shelter of his Favour.  
I can Honour which you shew me for his sake, ob-  
lige infinitely: And as for these Ladies, their Ex-  
cellencies

66 *The Art of Complementing and Wooing* The  
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willingly suffer my self to Robb'd of all.

Sir

Sir, When I shall Enjoy that Happiness, the Gift will be much greater, than all I yet can call my own.

Teach me, Madam, how I may swear, and you shall see what use I will make of it, to assure you that I am wholly yours, and that whatever Love now gives you, cannot be taken away but by death.

Sir, Be confident, I shall seek all Opportunities and deserve you, and receive these words, for the only most infallible that ever Love swore.

Madam, I shall live always at your Devotion.

And I, Sir, living to you, shall live to my self. Then, Lady, let us tie our Souls together with this Kiss. And this Enterprize having given me so much joy as to think of it, I will go Sacrifice my y thence to your Judgment.

#### *To introduce a Friend into Company.*

Ladies and Gentlemen, knowing you were here, I am come to have the Honour to see you, and moreover, on the Confidence of your Favour, I have taken the boldness to bring this Gentleman along with me, being a Person that deserves much respect.

#### *The Company.*

It is a singular Contentment to us, to see you and your Friend shall be always welcome. Our Devotion is dedicated wholly to your service. But as for these Ladies, we cannot so displease them, it lies on your part, and his, to deserve their Favour.

#### *The Strangers Reply.*

Gentlemen, I durst not have so far presum'd to be introduced into your Company, being a Person altogether unknown, had not this Gentleman, my friend, put me under the shelter of his Favour. Honour which you shew me for his sake, oblige me infinitely: And as for these Ladies, their Excel-

## 68 *The Art of Complementing and Wooing.*

cellent Beauty and Affability seem to promise me this Happiness; that at least my presence shall not displease them, and that if they will permit me the Favour of their Society, I may have some hopes to gain a farther Interest in their Affections.

### *The Ladies.*

Sir, We should shew our selves as much unprovided of Judgment, as we esteem our selves of Beauty, if we should not regard that worth, which your Friend and ours gives so large a Testimony, and which your Behaviour and Language discovers sufficiently of it self: You need not doubt but that you're look'd upon with a good Eye by every one of us, and that we all desire to give you that Honour which is your due.

### *The Strangers.*

Ladies, You oblige me with so much Civility and Respect, that I shall bear your eternal Gratitude; this my unhappiness, that I have not Opportunity to render you that Service which may equal your deserts; yet I shall not cease to offer to you, beseeching you to receive it with as good a Will, as I offer it unfeignedly.

### *The Ladies.*

Sir, You exceed in your Courtesie, we are satisfied enough with the Honour of your presence, with the due Contentment which we receive from your acceptable Company.

### *The Stranger.*

Perhaps, Ladies, You do not esteem my Services worthy your Deserts; yet for all that, I shall omit any Opportunity to testify how much I honour and Adore you.

### *A Gentleman.*

Sir, We are going to have a Game; will please to make one? or do you like it better to Entertain the Ladies?

Sir, I am very well here, and though I have to do with the Stronger Party, yet I shall try my Fortune among 'em.

*Ladies.*

Sir, You will have a hard Task to be a gainer here.

*Stranger.*

Ladies, I care not for any loss, so I may gain Part in your good Affections.

*A particular Lady.*

I fear, Sir, you will have but small Contentment in our Entertainment.

*Stranger.*

Ladies, Had I no other Happiness but that of seeing you, there is enough to ravish all my Senses, so much do I behold of Grace and Beauty, that I believe *Paris* himself, beheld not more Perfection in the three Goddesses.

*A Repartee.*

Sir, Had they an Apple of Gold to Bribe you withal, the Ladies might sooner perswade you into such an Opinion of their Beauty.

*Stranger.*

There needs no such Bribe, Madam, to make me confess the Truth: Besides, Ladies, I doubt not but that the excellency of your Mind is Correspondent to the Beauty of your Faces, and that there are not more Charms in your Words, than Wonders in your Thought, which makes me prefer the Happiness of your Company before that of any other.

*Stranger.*

Ladies, Your Modesty shall not make me forget my Duty, which is to admire and publish your Perfections, and to honour them with all my power; but if you shall not think me worthy of such a Task, 'tis my comfort I have met with such pleasing Enemies.

## To Initiate an Acquaintance

Sir, I count it a singular Happiness to have m  
with this acceptable Company, since it has be  
a means to bring me into your Acquaintance.

Sir, If the good Fortune that brought us tog  
ther into this place, did put into my Hands also  
means to make my Acquaintance profitable, si  
your Favour esteems it acceptable, I should thi  
my self happy in a double manner.

Sir, Your Words oblige me to make a great  
steem of your Happiness; and indeed, it was m  
Intention to proffer you my most humble Servi  
had not you doubly obliged me, by preventing m  
with the offer of your good Affection, for which  
give you my most cordial Thanks, and beseech y  
to accept Reciprocally of mine.

Sir, I accept the Offer which you are pleased  
make me, but on Condition that I may Merit  
by all means possible.

Sir, You would oblige me farther than my Po  
er is able to acknowledge. It shal be sufficient  
me to have the Honour of your good Will, a  
the Liberty of coming sometimes to receive yo  
Commands.

Sir, I say nothing how far my Duty does ob  
lige me, I beseech you only to believe that the A  
fection which I have put in Practice, is sincere an  
shall appear upon the first occasion.

Notwithstanding, there is nothing I shall mor  
desire than the Honour of waiting on you at m  
own House, where, Sir, you shall ever be mo  
Welcome.

Pleas

## Pleasant Dialogues.

*Greatness despised.*

*Don Peter and Olivia.*

PET. Madam, I kiss your Hands.

Olivia, Oh! Mr. Peter.

Pet. The Humblest of your Servants.

Oliv. Sir, It beconies not your Birth and Blood  
to stoop to such a Title.

Pet. I must confess, dear Lady, that I do carry  
in my Blood, a more precious Honour than other  
Men, and Blood of a deep Crimson, but you shall call  
me any thing.

Ol. Truly, Sir, not I, it becomes not me to  
change your Title, altho' I could desire you were  
less Honourable.

Pet. Why, Lady, is it a fault to spring from  
Nobility? 'Tis true, there are some have sold  
Well-favour'd Lordships to be Ill-favour'd Noble-  
men; and though I wear no Title of the State, I  
can adorn a Lady.

Ol. That's my Misfortune, I would you could  
not, Sir.

Pet. Are you the worse for that? Consider,  
Lady.

Ol. I have considered, and could wish with all  
my heart, you were not half so Noble, or indeed  
no Gentleman.

Pet. How, Lady!

Ol. Nay, if you give me leave to speak my  
Thoughts, I could wish you were a Fellow two  
degrees beneath a Foot-man, or that had no Kin-  
dred unless Knights of the Post. Nay worse, with  
your Pardon, Sir, in the Humour I am in, I wish  
heartily you were a Son of the People.

Pet. Good Madam, give me your Reason.

Ol. Because I Love you.

Pet. There can few Women wish so ill to the  
they Love.

Ol. They do not Love like me then.

Pet. Say you so.

Ol. Alas! Sir, My Wealth is a Begger's, and the  
Title of a Lady, which my Husband left me, is  
meer shadow to that which you bring to enable me  
'Tis out of my Love, that I desire you such a one  
that I might add to you, and you may be created  
by my Wealth, and made great by me, for then  
my bare Love would appear; but as you are,  
must receive Additions from you.

Pet. Why, hark you, Lady, no Body heare  
could you love me, if I were less Honourable?

Ol. Honourable! Why you cannot be so base  
I would have you; that so the World might say  
my Marriage gave you somwhat.

Pet. Say you so; why if that will do you a Plea-  
sure, under the Rose, there be Lords that call me  
Cousin, 'tis true, but I am —

Ol. What? Pet. Suspected.

Ol. How?

Pet. Not to be Lawful —, for I come in at the  
Wicket — some call it the Window.

Ol. Can you prove it?

Pet. Ne'er doubt it, Madam, 'tis most certain.

Ol. Then I prefer you before all my Suitors  
Sir William Gallant, and Sir Thomas Hector are  
both Mountebanks.

Pet. What say you to the Colonel?

Ol. A meer Lanspresado. I am Transported  
with Joy; but do you not flatter me? Shall I trial  
to this? Will you not be Legitimate when we  
are Married? For you Men are too deceitful to  
simple Ladies.

Pet. I'll bring the Midwife if you'll Marry me.

Ol. Well then, say no more, provide things necessary, and all shall be dispatched.

Pet. I guess your meaning, Lady, and thus seal my best Devotion.

## The Bridal-Night Discourses.

Jeronomo, Julia.

Jer. Will you not come to Bed, my Dear, why do you delay? Come — let me help you.

Ful. To Bed, Sweet-heart! Why, art thou Sleepy?

Jer. No, but I shall be worse if thou art Sad and Melancholy: Come — prithee, my Dear, let's to Bed. Why dost blush? Let me undress thee, be not so coy, but smile.

Ful. Alas! I find my self not well, my Love.

Jer. That's only Bashfulness, my Dear, I'll make you well; there's no such Physick for you, as your warm Husband's Arms.

Ful. Be not so hasty, Dearest, we steal not our Content — there's time enough.

Jer. Do you already cease to Love me?

Ful. No, think it not, for I love thee dearly.

Jer. To Bed then, and I shall give better Credit to thee; be not so cold a lover.

Ful. Give me leave a little to admire and contemplate thy outward Graces.

Jer. Come, come — you dally — off with your Ornaments for the day, they look unseemly now — clip that Lace, that is more happy than thy dear Husband, to embrace thee — off with that Gorge ous Peticoat, that hides those pleasures which ought more to be revealed.

*Ful.* My Passion is now over, and now, Dear Joy, I haste to thy Embraces.

*Ter.* Welcome my Comfort and Delight, and thus I fold my Arms about thee.

*Ful.* And thus about thee, my Dear bliss, I twine like Female Ivy.

*Ter.* Let's put our Bodies and our Minds together, and make up the Concord of Affection. Come let me kiss thee, let me kiss again, and multiply them to an infinite increase.

*Ful.* Spare not, they are thine own, dear Heart.

*Ter.* Let's tumble in Delight, and draw out the Minutes in dear Embraces. There is no difference between us and Princes; for our Contentment is full as great as theirs. What a Waist, what a Breast, what a Belly's here! Then sweetest let us enter Loves *Elysium*, and bid good Night unto thy Maiden-head.

## The Despairing Lover.

### Tancred and Rogero.

**T**AN. How now, what's the matter, *Rogero*?

*Rog.* I am ill, exceeding ill.

*Tan.* Troth —— that's not well.

*Rog.* Sure I Surfeited last Night at the Old Man's House.

*Tan.* Surfeit! Why did you eat any thing against Stomach?

*Rog.* Truly I had a Stomach to one Dish, and then not tasting it, makes me Sick at Heart.

*Tan.* Was it Fish or Flesh?

*Rog.* 'Twas Flesh sure —— if I hit the mark right.

*Tan.* I believe 'tis the missing a Mark which you

long

Ne

long to hit, which makes you draw Sighs instead of Vows.

*Rog.* Would I had been a thousand Leagues off, when I sat down at Table. Alas! my dear *Tancred* 'twas there I drank my Bane, the strongest Poison that ever Man drew from a Ladies Eyes, and now it swells in me.

*Tan.* Then by casting your Water, I perceive you would have a Medicine for the Green-sickness.

*Rog.* 'Tis a Green Wound, I must confess.

*Tan.* Tent it, tent it —— keep it from rankling, you are over Head and Ears in Love.

*Rog.* I am —— and with such Mortal Arrows pierced, that I shall fall down.

*Tan.* There's no hurt in that.

*Rog.* Nay, I shall die, unless her pity sends me a quick and sweet Recovery.

*Tan.* And what Doct'ress is it must call you Patient?

*Rog.* The fair *Bewcynthia*, old *Arnoldo's* Wife,

*Tan.* How *Bewcynthia*! Can no Feather fit you but the Breach in an Old Man's Hat? Had you not dainty Dishes enough, but you must long for that which the Master of the House sets up for his own Tooth.

*Rog.* Love is not tied to Laws, Why do you speak this Language?

*Tan.* Love! 'Tis a Disease as common among Young Gallants, as swaggering and drinking Tobacco; What a foolish thing 'tis to be drawing on for a Woman, as if he were puffing and blowing at a strait Boot, and to Morrow be ready to knock at Death's Door?

*Rog.* Alas! That will be my Disease ——

*Tan.* Pish —— think not on't — 'twill Vanish. 'Tis but a Worm between the Skin and the Flesh, and may be taken out with a Waiting Woman's-Needle as well as the best Ladies. D 5 *Rog*

*Rog.* If this be all your Comfort, wou'd you leave me.

*Tan.* Leave thee in Sickness? I had more need provide thee Cawdles, and send for a Nurse: For mark thee, *Rogero*, Despair for a Woman is the poorest and most Degenerate thing in the World. They hang about Men's Neck's, in some places like Hops upon Poles.

*Rog.* Her Walls of Chastity cannot be beaten down.

*Tan.* Walls of Chastity! Walls of Wafer-cake I have known a Woman carry a Feather-bed and a Man in her Mind, and yet cast up her Eyes in the Streets like a Puritan.

*Rog.* You do but stretch me on the Rack, and with Lingring, encrease my pain: Be rather pitiful and ease my Torments.

*Tan.* Well, since you take me to be so cunning, I'll tell you my Medicine.

*Rog.* I shall for ever thank you.

*Tan.* First send for your Barber, and let him rubbing quicken your Spirits. Then Whistle your Gold-Finches, your Gallants, to your Fists.

*Rog.* You are Mad, you are Mad, or no Friend.

*Tan.* Then into a Tavern, have your Music, your brave Dance, and Whiff Tobacco till you smoke again and split.

*Rog.* You split my Heart in peices.

*Tan.* Do thus till the Moon cuts off her horns, Laugh in the Day, Sleep in the Night — Wenching Fire will soon out.

*Rog.* Away, away, — for I can hear no more.

## Courtship in a Friend's behalf.

*Arnoldo, Clarinda.*

**A**r. Save you, fair Lady, all Health and your own Wishes be upon you,

*Clar.* If that be all — I thank you Sir —

*Ar.* But I have business to ye too, beyond a bare Salute — 'Tis to present *Timander's* Service to you, Lady.

*Clar.* Well, proceed.

*Ar.* He is one deserves your Love, if Faith can bear the Stamp of Merit. He spends the days in Tears and Sighs, with which he counts the hours, and makes void the Minutes. Thus in sullen Grief he pines away only for love of you.

*Car.* How well your Tongue has learnt to Wooo? He need not fear a repulse, could he but speak his Suit in his own Name, smoothed with such Language as yours; truly I pity the poor Gentlemen, bid him rise early, keep good Company, and drink good Wine, it will cure his Melancholy.

*Ar.* If you return this slight Answer only, you will draw a new Disease upon him; and your Cure will only grow to a deep Wound, while he dies with the Physick.

*Clar.* Indeed you urge this business so well, as if he had bequeathed his Soul into your Bosom But pray discourse this business more coolly; should I give my self to every one that would this way deserve me, I should soon be Married to a Troop of Men, and grow a lawful Strumpet.

*Ar.* It may be so, and that Face deserves it.

*Clar.*

**Clar.** Pray Heaven, himself do not increase the Number.

**Ar.** But in all the heap of Suitors, there's none can boast so Vigorous a Flame as *Timander*. Every one does not testifie his Affections in Gaudy Presents, nor Woe in the costly Language of Rich Gifts. The Stile of *Timander's* Love, is written in true Devotion, and Gold.

**Clar.** 'Tis true indeed, he sent me choice of Presents, and the finest Toys I could wish, but I always paid him in Civility. If he expect more, I shall recal that too. He sends me but Wares, and cheats my Cabinets with his Merchandise, which I, forsooth, must think filled with his love; and to reward him, bestow my self upon him. But Sir, I have no price set on me, nor will I pass away my self by Bargain?

**Ar.** He only Chaffers for Affection; he desires you would only recompence his Faith with yours, and not his Gift, if he send a Jewel cut out into a Heart, that is his own Heart, cut and wounded by your disdain. Every present carries a part of him that sent it. Did he know how to send any thing, and leave himself out; so you might easily then slight the poor single Offer; neither is he Armed with Gifts only, but durst provoke Death it self, to avoid the Face of your displeasure. He dares fight and maintain your Beauty, though he lose his own, and Paint your Face fresh with his Blood.

**Clar.** Here is away indeed, a fine device to defend my Beauty, that he might ruin it. That Ladies Names suffers in the Conquest; whose worth is to be decided by the Sword.

**Ar.** Lady, You are too severe, thus to despise, all ways that make a Suitor lovely. Yet if you doubt his Constancy, invent a Trial your self, impose some hard Task, whose Danger might shake a Faith as firm as any Rock.

**Clar.**

Clar. Pray Sir, release me, for I can give no Answer, I care for none that cannot speak for themselves.

## A Gentleman dissuades a Lady from Marriage, for his own Ends.

*Thomaso, Aurelia.*

**T**Ho. By your leave. Lady, may my boldness prove Pardonable?

*Au.* Sir, the Name from whence you come, is a Warrant to make you welcome here.

**T**ho. I must confess, Lady, I hear you honour him much; but have you received him absolutely for a Suitor?

*Au.* 'Tis very true, Sir, and him only.

**T**ho. It is not gone so far, I hope.

*Au.* Most certainly it is — and farther too, he has Woed and Won me.

**T**ho. Then I am very sorry for your hard Fortune, yet if my Councils might prevail, I shall advise you not to step a Foot farther, least you fall into a Sea of Sorrow, for you are now upon the Brink of Danger.

*Au.* You begin strangely, Sir, I cannot understand you.

**T**ho. Read o'er your former Story, consider the Quiet, the Wealth, the Pleasure, the Peace you enjoyed, the free Command of all you have, none to Command about you. Consider, on the other side, the many Cares, the Yoke you bring your Neck under.

*Au.* Sir, Deal freely with me, what respect moves you to this Dissuasion? Is it your Love of him, or care of me.

*T*ho.

## Pleasant Dialogues.

*Tho.* I only beg your Pardon and your Mercy; but dare look no more upon you--- My stay will ruine me— adieu, sweet Lady.

### The Fantastck.

*Roderigo, Silvia.*

**S**ilvia. What! can you not abide a Maid, Sir?

*Rod.* Indeed I could never abide a Maid in

my Life, Lady, but — *Sil.* But what?

*Rod.* I ever draw away the Virgin, or the Virginity with a wet Finger —

*Sil.* You love to make your self worse than you are.

*Rod.* I know few mend in this World, Madam; for the worst are best thought on, the worst are best spoken of among Women.

*Sil.* I wonder where you have been all this while with your Sentences.

*Rod.* Faith where I must be again presently, I cannot stay long with you, Lady.

*Sil.* By my Faith but you shall not, Sir; Cuds Bodikins, what will become of you shortly, that you drive Maids before you, and after to leave Widows behind you, as unkindly, as if you had taken a Surfeit of our Sex lately, and our very fight turned your Stomach.

*Rod.* Cuds-my-Life, you abuse me, now never trust me, if it were not a good Revenge to help her to the loss of her Widow-hood.

*Sil.* That were a Revenge and an half, indeed.

*Rod.* Nay, it where but a whole Revenge, Lady, but such a Revenge as would more than observe the true Rule of a Revenge.

*Sil.*

*Tho.* It cannot be Love to him, Lady, to seek to cross him in so great a hope as enjoying you. It is my care, that you should be free from such a Dishonour and Vexation as he would be. He is become the scorn of his Acquaintance, his Friends Trouble. The several Trades to which he has such deep Engagements, as Goldsmiths, Silk-men, Milliners, Taylors, Seamsters, Vintners; all do but wait to pay themselves out of your Estate. 'Twould grieve you I believe, Lady, to discover all.

*Au.* Yet I cannot understand how this proceeds from care of me.

*Tho.* Consider, Lady.

*Au.* I have considered before and now; but it moves not my stedfast Thoughts. I could use words against you, but it is poor to boast of Love.

*Tho.* Lady, You are a Woman of the Noblest and Calmest Temper, that ever I met withal.

*Au.* Truly Sir, I believe you expected Railing but that's a way which only Common Women use.

*Tho.* I am strangely taken, methinks I stand like a false Witness against another's Life, ready to take my Punishment.

*Au.* Sir, I can pardon, and think all this brought to no ill purpose.

*Tho.* I would I had never seen you so contrary to all Opinion. People say you were uncivil froward, and full of Womanish Distemper; but you are opposite in all.

*Au.* Your Commandments are much above my Deserts.

*Tho.* Alas! My purpose was to save my Friend from such a hazard. I am now fallen in my self, either to wrong my Friend, or burn in lawless Love. Farewel, Divinest Creature.

*Au.* Will you be going Sir?

*Tho.*

*Sil.* I know your Rule before you utter it. Be revenged on thy Enemy, but without damage to thy self.

*Rod.* Most rare Lady, this it is to be Learned. Learning in Women, is like Lustre in Diamonds.

*Sil.* But tell me —— How could you find in your Heart to stay so long from me?

*Rod.* Why, You are so smeared with this wilful Widows three Years Weed, that I never come to you, but I dream of Corps, Sepulchres, and Epitaphs, all the Night after ; and therefore adieu, Lady.

*Sil.* Beshrew my Heart, you must not go this three hours.

*Rod.* Three Hours ! How shall I do to spend the Time ?

*Sil.* Pray tell me, How does my Cousin ?

*Rod.* Why very well, Lady, and so is my Friend too : and then let me tell you, there is as worthy a Gentleman as any in *England* well.

*Sil.* But when did you see my Cousin ?

*Rod.* Nay, and he shall be well and do well, if all my Estate will make him well.

*Sil.* Sir you are very Dancitive methinks.

*Rod.* Oh ! Madam, If you had the same Reason that I have, it would make you very Dancitive too : or else you were Duncitive I'faith.

*Sil.* But can you tell me, say you, of any thing that will make me Dance ?

*Rod.* Well, Farewel Lady, I must needs take my leave in earnest.

*Sil.* Bleſſ us ! here is ſuch a stir with your Farewells.

*Rod.* I will ſee you again within two or three days, on my word, Lady.

*Sil.* Cuds Precious ! Two or three days ! Why Sir, you are in a marvellous ſtrange Humour, fit down,

down, sweet Sir, I must talk with you about great Matters.

*Rod.* Say then, Dear Lady, be short, and utter your Mind quickly.

*Sil.* But pray, Sir, tell me first, what's that would make me Dance I'faith?

*Rod.* Dance! What Dance? Hitherto your Dancers legs bow forsooth, and Caper, and Jerk, and Firk, and caddle the Body above them, as it were their great Child; though the special Jerker be above this place, I hope there lies that should fetch a Woman over the Coles I'faith ——.

*Sil.* Nay, good Sir, say what's the thing you could tell me of.

*Rod.* No matter, no matter. but let me see a passing prosperous Forehead of an exceeding happy distance betwixt the Eye-brows, a clear lightning Eye, a temperate and fresh Blood in the Cheeks, excellent Marks of good Fortune.

*Sil.* Why, how now, Sir, did you never see me before?

*Rod.* But the State of these things must be specially observed at this time; and outward Signs being now in this clear Elevation, shew your troubled mind is in an excellent Capacity to prefer them to Act forth more than a little.

*Sil.* This is excellent.

*Rod.* The *Crisis* here, is Superlatively good, the proportion of the Chin good, the Aptness of it to stick out, good, and the Wart above it most exceeding good; never trust me, if all things are not answerable to the Prediction of a most Divine Fortune towards you. Now, if you have the Grace but to apprehend it in the Nick, there's all.

*Sil.* Well, Sir, since you will not tell me your Secret, I will keep another from you. For the disco-

discovery may much pleasure me, and thy concealment hurt my Estate.

*Rod.* Nay, then it shall instantly forth. This Conjunction even Fires it out of me. Now, to be short, gather all your Judgment together, for now it comes. *Lady*, young *Valentine*, rather my Soul than my Friend, is of too substantial a worth to have any Figures cast about him. He, notwithstanding all other Women with Empires could not stir his Affection, is with your Vertues most extreamly in Love, and without your Requital, Dead.

*Sil.* You amaze me, Sir,--- Is this the Wondrous Fortune you preface?

*Rod.* Nay, Peace, good *Lady*, I come not to Ravish you to any thing. But now I see how you accept my Motion. Have I rid all this Circuit to Levy the Powers of your Judgment, that I might not prove their Strength too suddenly with the Violence of the Charge, and do they Fight it out in White Blood, and shew me their Heads in the soft Crystal of Tears?

*Sil.* Sir, Oh you have wounded your self in charging me, that I should shun Judgment as a Moniter, if it would not weep; I place your Felicity in this World, in a worthy Friend, and to see him so unworthily Revolted, I shed not the Tears of my Brain, but the Tears of my Soul. And if ever I made Tears the effects of any worthy Cause, I am sure I now shed them worthily.

*Rod.* Your Sensual Powers are up I'faith; I have thrust your Soul quite from her Tribunal. But why weep you, *Lady*, for the Wound of my Friendship? And is my Friendship thus Touch'd for wishing my Friend double in your Singular Happiness?

*Sil.* How am I doubled when my Honour and good

good Name, two such Essential parts of me, would be less and less,

*Rod.* In whose Jndgments?

*Sil.* In the Judgment of the World.

*Rod.* Which is a Fool's Bolt: For nothing is more remote from Truth, than the Vulgar Opinion. But, Lady, 'tis true, that your Honour and good Name, as the Species of Truth, are worthily, two Essential parts of you, but as they consist in Titles and corruptible Blood, and care not how many base and enormous Acts they commit; they touch you no more than they do Eternity. And yet no Nobility you have in either, shall be impaired neither.

*Sil.* Not to marry a poor Gentleman.

*Rod.* Respect him not so, for as he is a Gentleman, he is Noble; as he is wealthy furnished with true Knowledge, he is Rich; and therein adorn'd with the exactest Complements belonging to everlasting Nobility.

*Sil.* Which will not maintain him a Week; such kinds of nobleness give no Coats of Honour, nor can get a Coat of Necessity.

*Rod.* Then it is not substantial Knowledge, but Verbal, and Fantastical,

*Sil.* Why does he seek me then?

*Rod.* To make you join Partners with him in all Things. And there is but a little partial difference betwixt you, that hinders that Universal joynure.

*Sil.* Good Sir, be content, I cannot hearken to your perswasion.

*Rod.* I have more than done, Lady, and had rather have suffered an Alteration of my being, than of your Judgment; yet I have done my Duty, and so farewell, sweet Lady.

## The Widow's Grief.

## Abigail and Dry-Boots.

**A**bigal. Now help me good Heavens, 'tis such an uncouth thing to be a Widow out of Term time, I do find such Anguish, Qualms, and Dumps, and Fits, and Shakings still an end. I lately was a Wife, I do confess, but yet I had no Husband. He alack! was dead to me, even when he lived, I was a Widow, while he had breath, his Death only made others know so much.

*Dry.* Why so Melancholy, Sweet?

*Ab.* How could I choose, when thou wert not here? I hope the time is come, that thou wilt be as good as thy word to me.

*Dry.* Nay, hang me, if ever I Recant. You'll take me both Wind and Limb, at a Venture, will you not?

*Ab.* Ay good Chuck, every Inch of thee; she were no true Woman that would not.

*Dry.* I must tell one thing though, and yet I am loath.

*Ab.* I am thy Rib, thou must keep nothing from thy Rib, good Chuck, thy Yoke-Fellow must know all thy Secrets.

*Dry.* Why, I'll tell thee, Sweet, I have no thing.

*Ab.* Heaven defend.

*Dry.* 'Tis very true.

*Ab.* Now God forbid, and would you offer to undo a Widow Woman so? I had as live the Old Vintner were alive again.

*Dry.* Nay, I was not born without it, I confess but lying in Turkey for Intelligence, the great

being

being somewhat suspicious of me, lest I might entice some of the *Seraglio*, gave command, that I should be forthwith curbed.

*Ab.* 'Twas a Heathenish Deed. there's none but an Infidel could have had the Heart to have done it.

*Dry.* Now you know the world that you must trust to it; come let's to Church. Besides there is another thing which does something trouble me: E're now I have had a spice of the *Covent-Garden Gout*, or so.

*Ab.* I do not ask thee about these Diseases; my Question is, Whether thou hast all thy Parts?

*Dry.* Faith, you'll not be answered, I have lost a Joint or so. For there are few Soldiers that come off whole, unless it be the General, and some few Sneaks.

*Ab.* Ay, but my meaning is, whether something is not wanting that should write thee Husband.

*Dry.* Ne'er fear that, Widow, for all my Talk. But I am Jealous, leait the Memory of your Husband should Extinguish all Flames that tend to kindle any Love Fire.

*Ab.* I do confess, I do bear him in Memory, but when I remember what your promise was, when I lay Sick, it takes something from the bitterness of my Sorrow. I tell thee, Woman was not made to be alone.

*Dry.* Tender things at Seventeen may use that Plea, but you are arriv'd at *Matron*: I suppose, these young Sparks are rak'd up in Sager Embers.

*Ab.* Nay, do not abuse her that must be your Wife! you might have Pity, and not come with your Nick-Names, Have I deserved this?

*Dry.* If you once hold Merits, I have done; I am glad I know what Religion you are of.

*Ab.* What's my Religion? 'Tis well known, there has been no Religion in my House, since my Husband

hand Died. Yet if you can leave me, I can leave you—, There are other Men enough that won't refuse a proffer when 'tis offered.

*Dry.* Well I must be gone, think on it, and so Farewel.

## Country Wooing between *Dick* and *Doll*.

*Dick.* *Doll*, My pretty Chicken, How doſt doſt? How fares thy Body? diſt not think me almost lost?

*Doll.* I gave thee for lost in good Faith, and was in the Humour to have married another Man.

*Dick.* Why zure thou wer't not? Thou didſt but Jeft I know.

*Doll.* Truly I was, nor could you blame me for it. Is'it not a Torture, think you, to stay ſeven Years without a Husband's company?

*Dick.* Methinks my Horns begin to bud already. They are very knotty; I wish thou haſt not grafted ſomething there already. I begin to ſuspect it shrewdly by diſterne Signs and Tokens; how come your Belly high, Wife?

*Doll.* 'Tis nothing but a Tympany that trouble me ſometimes.

*Dick.* I believe thee: How long is it ſince thou perceivest it to grow upon thee?

*Doll.* About two Months ſince: The Doctor tells me I ſhall be very free of it ſpeedily.

*Dick.* He is a Fool— I am a better Doctor than he, thou ſhalt be free about fourteen Weeks hence, or thereabouts. Come, thou art a Whore, and haſt abused my Honest Bed, I'll have thee before Mr. Justice.

Doll. Spare me dear gentle *Dick*--and hearken  
my Counsel a little; since thou art a Cockold  
as I do not deny) choose whether thou wilt wear  
my Horns on thy Forehead, or put them in thy  
pocket.

*Dick.* Why then I am a Cockold it seems?

*Doll.* I cannot say against it truly, and speak the  
Truth. If I should, this mark of my Fortune, here  
deeply stamp'd, would betray me —— There-  
are make no Proclamation of thy Forked Order.

*Dick.* Did my Neighbour do so?

*Doll.* Yes, But he afterwards repented it.

*Dick.* Thou hast devis'd a pretty Defence for  
thy self, it is best to follow thy Counsel and say  
nothing, rather than stir this bad thing, and make  
it stink the more.

*Doll.* You may do what you please, but I  
have told you the best Course.

*Dick.* So then let it be —— I have Travelled  
well I Trow, to Father a Child at my Return, of  
which I ne'er begot so much as the least Finger.  
If this be the Fruits of Travelling, God deliver  
me from Travelling any more. Come *Doll*, we  
are both Friends, do so no more, and all is for-  
gotten.

*Doll.* 'Tis as you stay at home and keep me  
warm; but if you Ramble, have at your Head.

## Love Letters, and Letters of Complements.

### *To his Mistress, in Acknowledgement of the kindness of her Letter.*

**L**ady, I am no less obliged to you for your Letters, than for your Entertainment. Although I have not Judgment enough to censure their goodness; I am not so unfortunate, as not to taste of their sweetness. I must entreat you to believe me, and not to forbear to make me happy with them; you know not how I may accomplish and improve my self, being instructed by your Excellent Copies; which if I cannot teach to my self, I will at least shew them to those that shall render them excellent by their Imitation. For certain, without Flattery, all Nature had need put her self into Action, to find out your Equal. Lady, I do with all seriousness acknowledge. That it is too great an Ambition for me, either to stile my self your Scholar, or your Servant.

### *An Excuse of too easie belief of False Reports.*

**L**ady, I am impatient till I see you, that I may between your Hands abjure all false Opinions. Only be pleased so to despise your self, that you may accept of my Recantation. By my last letters you might perceive, that I had let in some false Reports had almost poisoned the fair Soul of my belief. But as soon as I received the Characters

your Hand, and perused the Simplicity of that naked Truth, wherewith you put my Suspicions flight, I soon came to my self. I was ever content, whatever false Rumour foully divulged, that a Person of your Noble Deportment, knew how to preserve your self, in the greatest Contagion, and that you could run no other Peril, in those Adventures, but that of being Imported. You express in your Letter some obscure Conjectures concerning me; I perceive we were both tainted with the same Imperfection. Lady, Such Jealousies, though they are dangerous, if dispersed, are the greatest Confirmation of future Love. It was no great matter which of us changed our opinion first. The thick Breath is now gone off from the clear Crystal of our then Blemished Affections. I assure you now I have suffered my self to be perswaded by your Reasons; as for your Injunctions, they were not worth the confuting. Thus, Lady, you see how easily I am cured of my Sicknes, being wholly disposed to believe and obey you, and to be to the uttermost of my Power,   
Lady, &c.

*To her Servant, not being resolv'd to Marry.*

SIR, I am not yet in the mind to change the Blessedness of my Condition for the Purgatory of Marriage. You tell me a Wife is the Wealth of the Mind; but you must expect all Jealousies and Dislikes that may happen. Then, that she is the Welfare of the Heart: Which is true, when her Youth and Beauty, her Wit with Virtue, have that happy agreement between themselves, so as to command the Affections. But, Sir, you are not to

Learn, that those Perfections are wanting in our Sex. It were a Sin to pry farther into Imperfections, the Terms you write on being extremely opposite. But if I am not deceive my Reading, the Learned express, That weaken the Strength, confound the Business of Life, empty the Purse, with a Thousand other Qualities, which when I meet you next, you be sure to hear of. Till then, wishing you the tinuance of that Quiet wherein you boast to I decline this Theme of your wiving Letter our next Society. I bid you farewell, and rest,

*To his Mistress, despairing of her Favour.*

**M**Adam, What avails it you to make me your Thorns, when I have gathered yon; Flower? Why do you blame in Words, whom you have honoured in Effects, and blame him too without a Cause who cannot praise but unjustly? Moderate your Severity, seeing offends you more than it hurts me; I have pested a thousand times, that I never was fault as you thought me, though it was to no purpose you believing otherwise; it suffices for my Satisfaction that I know the truth, and that I have escaped all the ways in the World, to make understand it, though in vain. Adieu, most but yet too cruel. If you leave me, triumph over the most worthy Subject in the World, leave you vanquished by a more faithful Lover.

*A P*  
Brevi  
Gene  
fres,

*A Protestation of Love.*

**M**adam, I have but one Soul to adore you, but one Heart to love you, and but one way to serve you. Neither have I cause to complain of my Choice, for you are a Lady that bear about you so many Charms of Beauty, rewards so full and satisfactory, that Men detest the Name of Liberty, to die under the sweet Yoak of your acceptable Servitude. If we speak of Miracles, you are the prime Example. If we discourse of Wonders, you are the Comparison, In brief, you are so perfect, that Art and Nature are in a dispute about the Frame of the Person. To say that I am your Servant, is too high for my Presumption; to call my self your Slave, is a little too glo-  
rious. Behold therefore, fairest Lady, my Sir-  
name here, and give me such a Name as is most  
pleasing to your self.

*To desire a Meeting.*

**T**He Esteem and Commendation which I have often heard my Brother publish of your Worth, I hope may excuse the Boldness which I take to address my self to you for an Affair of great Importance. It requires a longer Relation than this Paper can contain, and lets delay than you imagine. A Maid shall be at the Door to conduct you to a place of Assurance, where you shall see a Person, whose Entertainment shall supply the Brevity of this Discourse. I perswade me your Generosity will render you observant to these Desires, and that you will esteem your self indebted

to me for having given you an occasion to serve  
fair Lady.

*A Lady discovering her Love.*

*Sir,*

**T**HAT Heart which persuades me it was no temerity to Love, has embolden'd me to discover my self your Lover. I shall not multiply Attestations to make you believe the Truth of my Affections ; my sudden Resolution is a sufficient Testimony with your singular desert. You being a Man of so noble a Quality, prescribe you the Duty to make you know this Love. I shall expect Effects rather than Promises ; resolve to answer me with your sight, and consent but to will what ought secretly to be approved by the Desires of, &c.

*The Flat D.nyah*

*Sir,*

**F**OR what happened happily for you Yesterday, you are oblig'd to Fortune, not to Love. Now being to obey him, I am oblig'd to please others : I forbid you therefore to prerend to me any more, retracting all Promises whereon you might build your hope. Remember no more what's past, and think no more of me for the future. I am no more yours : 'Tis sufficient to let you understand you may live content with what Fortune hath already given you, without seeking any longer what you cannot obtain.

*To a Lady, desirous of Writing to her.*

**M**adam, You desire I should write often to you : But what shall I write ? If that you are perfectly Fair, and of equal Virtue, 'tis a Truth openly known, and generally confess'd by the whole World. If that I love you as well as it is possible, I am apt to believe you do not doubt it. And when you please to ask me this Question, I am able to give you stronger Assurances than those of my Letters ; there remains then, that I can write, nothing to you, but that I have nothing to write, but what I have now written. That as for your Merits, you are without Example ; so I for my Love and Faithfulness, am beyond all Comparison the same. And though at length time puts an end to all things, yet the Constancy which I have vowed to you, shall be an exception to his Rules and Laws. These are not only Words, Thoughts, Vows or Hopes ; but Will, Resolution, and Protestation, accompanied with an irrevocable Oath, which I do confirm to you, out of the fear I have of giving you any occasion not to be the same to

*Your Faithful and ever Loving, &c.*

*To make known Affection.*

**M**adam, It being natural to all Men to fly Death, I am at length forc'd, after much enduring, to make known that grief which consumes me. Neither have I done this without the greatest hope of success, knowing that Compassion is a thing not Humane, but Divine, and that you

cannot but imitate the Deities in all their customs, who not only bow their compassionate Ears to our Complaints ; but are also urgent, that we should continually pray to them, out of a desire to bestow their Favours upon Men. This Reason, Lady, hath made me presume to believe that my Words shall not be altogether Fruitless, which are therefore bold to implore the belief of my Passions from you : while I am in a capacity to receive it, I shall expect your Answer, remaining your Servant while I live ; but shall not live, if you deny.

*Inconstancy complain'd of.*

I Must let you know that your Inconstancy has provoked in me more Pity, than it has procured me ill, being willing to lose the possession of that to Day, which I could not maintain till to M<sup>r</sup>orrow. I say, Pity, because I have some respect to your Honour, which is more interested in that Action than in any Contentment. I pray Heaven this Lightness may give you as much Satisfaction as it caused you Blame in the Eye of the World. I shall always be glad of any good Fortune that shall happen upon you, as making Profession to be still, &c.

*To a Lady that tax'd him of Jealousie.*

**M**adam, I have received your Letter this Morning, wherein I find my self reprehended for being so Jealous of you. Lady, knew you the Love that I bear you, you would not at all accuse me ; for from hence appears the virtue of your Looks, which are able to make the very Ice it self

self to burn. And of this my own Heart is witness; for now as it were, enclosed with Adamant, it fears no other Darts, the force of which has Blunted a Thousand that have since been shot against it; which when it felt the splendor of your Eyes, was wounded in a hundred places. Fairest Lady, although the pledge of your Love be such, that it is past my doubt to lose it, yet infinite are the Causes why I should not be accused for my fear. The one, because your Beauty so transcends, that I may easily think you the Object of other Mens Hearts and Desires. Besides, it is most natural, that he who gains with the greatest diligence and labour, should be always careful of his Gains. Whoever gained a thing with more pain, than I have gained your Love? Who with more desire of Body and Mind? Who with more assaults of tormenting pain? Wonder not, dearest, therefore, if this create a Jealousie in me; wonder not if I often press to you the Love and Faith which should make me dear to you. These two things are without Example: More shall I not now express; only entreating from you how I may find a way to speak to you, and feed my covetous Eye with your sight, which can no longer endure to fast.

*To his Indifferent Mistress.*

*Madam,*

I Should live ill satisfied, as well from you as from my self, might I not complain of the ill you do me, of which the little care you take is yet more cruel than the Evil it self. That feeble Spark of Reason which rests to me amidst the blindness of so much Amazement, lets me see in you so much indifference, as not see it. I should take it for a

Blessing to have lost my sight. I know well you will accuse me of Raving, but to complain with Reason of an Ill suffer'd without a cause, is not to Rave. The long continuance of my Service, Madam, and the advantages my Affection gives me before all such as honour you, make me presume I hold in your Affection, yet some place above the common sort, and you have told me so; but Suiting ill your Deeds unto your Words, there is no Company so ill, the Entertainment and Converse of which you have not still preferred to mine. Madam, I will not Comment on your Actions, your Deportment being so just on my behalf, that even the Ills you do me, do yet seem good to me. But I complain on Heaven, that has bestowed on me so little Merit, and so boundless Love, according to which proportion, the one leaves me to adore and honour you, the other invites you to disdain and scorn me. Nor can I also deny, but that it seems extreamly cruel to me, to see you hearken to any other Speech, than that of my Complaint: Nor that I conceive not an ill Opinion of my self, by the slight esteem which you have of my sufferings. Yet, Madam, since you are so well pleas'd, I shall conform me to your Humours, and make you see that I have no content at all, but in what pleases you. But if my frequent Visits render my Passion Importunity, I shall most humbly beg, that you will accuse your own Perfections of the Faults, that in the Image of such Beauties, have caus'd me to Adore even Cruelty it self, and to seek the vain Shadow of Contentment in a most Sure and Real Martyrdom.

*An Answer.**Sir,*

I Expected the least of any thing such a Letter from you, whom I believed was better than ever satisfied in my Deportment and Intentions: You judge both of the one and the other, rather by Opinion than by Reason, and falsely accuse me to have done you ill, since I have neither had the Power nor Will, and that you can never read the Good I wish you. You have little Cause to say, that I will accuse you of Raving, when you call to mind how I have promised to love you more than others. This Truth methinks should hold sufficient place in your belief, to hinder that any other Impressions should ever usurp the room. But if you take the pains to remember your self of what you complain, and chiefly of the Compliance, wherewith I gratified all the World without taking notice of you, you will find they are but Complements to which Civility inviteth and obligeth me, and that they have been more liberally imparted to your self than any Man: I am never importun'd by your Visits, but on the contrary, they have been so valued by me, that I desire the continuance, on condition you give no more Faith to any thing averse to the esteem which I have of your Demerits.

*Letters of Courtship.**Madam,*

**L**ove, who violently ties my Tongue with the same Tyranny moves my Hand, and forces me by these Characters to acknowledge the Value

Blessing to have lost my sight. I know well you will accuse me of Raving, but to complain with Reason of an Ill suffer'd without a cause, is not to Rave. The long continuance of my Service, Madam, and the advantages my Affection gives me before all such as honour you, make me presume I hold in your Affection, yet some place above the common sort, and you have told me so; but Suiting ill your Deeds unto your Words, there is no Company so ill, the Entertainment and Converse of which you have not still preferred to mine. Madam, I will not Comment on your Actions, your Deportment being so just on my behalf, that even the Ills you do me, do yet seem good to me. But I complain on Heaven, that has bestowed on me so little Merit, and so boundless Love, according to which proportion, the one leaves me to adore and honour you, the other invites you to disdain and scorn me. Nor can I also deny, but that it seems extreamly cruel to me, to see you hearken to any other Speech, than that of my Complaint: Nor that I conceive not an ill Opinion of my self, by the slight esteem which you have of my sufferings. Yet, Madam, since you are so well pleas'd, I shall conform me to your Humours, and make you see that I have no content at all, but in what pleases you. But if my frequent Visits render my Passion Importunity, I shall most humbly beg, that you will accuse your own Perfections of the Faults, that in the Image of such Beauties, have caus'd me to Adore even Cruelty it self, and to seek the vain Shadow of Contentment in a most Sure and Real Martyrdom.

## An Answer.

Sir,

I Expected the least of any thing such a Letter from you, whom I believed was better than I ever satisfied in my Deportment and Intentions. You judge both of the one and the other, rather by Opinion than by Reason, and falsly accuse me to have done you ill, since I have neither had the Power nor Will, and that you can never read the Good I wish you. You have little Cause to say, that I will accuse you of Raving, when you call to mind how I have promised to love you more than others. This Truth methinks should hold sufficient place in your belief, to hinder that any other Impressions should ever usurp the room. But if you take the pains to remember your self of what you complain, and chiefly of the Compliance, wherewith I gratified all the World without taking notice of you, you will find they are but Complements to which Civility inviteth and obligeth me, and that they have been more liberally imparted to your self than any Man: I am never importun'd by your Visits, but on the contrary, they have been so valued by me, that I desire the continuance, on condition you give no more Faith to any thing averse to the esteem which I have of your Demerits.

## Letters of Courtship.

Madam,

L Ove, who violently ties my Tongue with the same Tyranny moves my Hand, and forces me by these Characters to acknowledge the Value

salage of my Heart already contracted, and swor by my Eyes. These Violences were very necessary to oblige me to this Testimony, which in Respect to your singular Merits, cannot be but timorous Beauty, which is the splendour of divine Light, disdains to be ador'd and worship'd with ordinary Terms of Humanity. I know it well, yet can I practice no other way; let these Expressions, fairest Fair, be grateful to you, which issue from a Soul that glories more in being subject to you, than in its own Being. Refresh these Hopes with your Answer, which is only able to save the Life of, &c.



*The Answer.*

**H**E who yields at first Encounter, discovers his own weakness, and cannot shun the Censure of Baseness, and rather deserves hate than love: But for all this, who loves, ought not to dissemble. These therefore come to assure you, that I heartily love you; and had I not been moved by the doubt, that I should have incurred your Disdain, your Letter should not have prevented mine. Now if you have any thoughts to legitimate our Loves, by Matrimony, I shall this Night expect you at -- Otherwise condemn your Affections as Timorous; and put far from you the Hopes ever to possess, &c.

*Sir,*

**S**ince your Eyes forbade me speaking, pardon me if I have Recourse to this means to make you know the Affection which your Perfections have brought forth. If you are come hither to begin the

the Acquisition of all the hearts of the Kingdom, I bless my good Fortune that has made me the first of your Conquests, and ranged me without Reluctancy under your Obedience. I will be bold to hope for some part in the Honour of your good Graces, if they may be aspired to by Services eternal, and a Passion infinite, from. &c.

*To his Severe Mistress.**Lady,*

If I found my self faulty, I should not be so bold, as to demand of you a reason of your Severity; but having always serv'd you with Fidelity, I dare be bold to say, it is impossible you should wish me ill, whatever disguise you put on. It may be you would make trial of me; but if you have a design to receive my Service after a great deal of time and pains, I desire you to do it for the present, and deliver us both from the Cares and Vexations you are preparing for us. I aspire not to that sad Glory of knowing how to suffer well; though when I have endured your Cruelest Torments, you will in the end be obliged to Relent. Do that now for Affection, which you would then do for Justice, and making me so happy, you shall find me to serve you also for Justice, which I did not before but for Affection.

*The Answer.**Sir,*

If you knew with what Violence I was constrained to this Mutation, I make no doubt you would esteem me far more worthy of Praise than

than Reproach. Imagine the Power of an Auster Parent towards his Daughter under his Obedience. She may weep her fill. He Bathes himself with Joy in her Tears. Her Sorrows and Lamentations do but increase his Fury. This is the Case I am in at this present. I leave you to consider what I am able to do against so Potent an Adversary. The only Consideration which remains in me, is, That if I have lost the Quality of your Mistress, yet I will conserve while I live that of being, &c.

*To a Gentleman on the loss of his Mistress.*

Sir,

I Hope you will not complain of me, for taking the Lady's Picture since I leave you in Possession of the Lady her self. I cannot deny, but if I had found any Inclination in the Heart of that Fair One to pardon me, I would have conteited for her Death. And I confess my Sorrows so depart, before I had given you some Testimonies of my Resentments, for the Trouble you have put me to. Yet since I have taken up a Resolution to punish none of all those that were the Cause of my miserable Misfortune, I entreat you to acknowledge my moderation, and let me make one Request to you, That when you are in Possession of the Lady, you will not insult over an unfortunate Lover, whom you have made miserable, and not put her in memory of that Inconstancy, whereof you your self have been a Confident. This is the only desire, which an unfortunate Man will ever ask of you as long as he lives who having found no Compassion in the Heart of his Friend, nor sweet-  
ness

ness toward him in the mind of his Mistress, will for ever renounce the Society of men or women.

Madam, Since there is no King but receives a Tribute from his Subjects; permit me, I beseech you, since I am not only your Subject, but your Vassal, to give what I can, though not what I ought. As you are my Goddess, I must present you with Offerings and Oblations; as you are the Queen of my Heart, I must pay you Tribute. Therefore, I beseech you, accept of my Offering, not to let you see I am Liberal, but to shew you that I am not Covetous. I beseech you do not think I have any thoughts of purchasing your Heart by it. For I know the Price is inestimable, and that all the Gold, Diamonds, Rubies, and Pearls, which the Sun ever produc'd, are not able to pay it. And if ever I shall hope to be so blessed hereafter, as to enjoy it, I must have recourse to my Tears, Sighs and Prayers, and not Presents of Pearls and Diamonds. However, I most humbly beseech you, be not offended at my Boldness, nor take it ill from me, who having given you his whole Heart, may give you what he thinks inferior to it also. And therefore, I beseech you, do not hate me for it, nor look more coldly upon me to morrow, unless you will overwhelm with Sorrows your most humble Adorer.

*The Answer.*

Sir,

I Am so fully perswaded, that Liberty is a Virtue, and a Virtue most Heroick, that I will never do any thing that may make you think me Guilty of its opposite Vice. And therefore I have sent back your Rich Present, and send it with

without any sharp Reprehensions ; for since you do not know how I am, I ought not to be offended at that which would be most injurious to me, if you did. Yet I must complain a little, that after so much converse with you, when I did not hide my Heart as I did my Face, you should not have so good Opinion of me, as to think I would refuse your Offer. But I will not break with you, though for no other Consideration, but to give you cause to know me better. However, to repair your Fault, I enjoin you to keep this Case which I send you, without shewing it to any one. For if you do, you shall never see my Picture, nor myself.

*To his Displeased Mistress.*

*Dearest Madam,*

**G**ive me leave to believe, that your Mind being cleared, I shall be free from fearing the Thunder which Rigour threatens me withal. I desire to be absolved from the Duty of obeying your Commands, which you prescribe me, to absent my self from your sight, that is to say, from my Paradise, from Justice, if not from Pity. I pretend to leave to present my self to you, to witness the Reasons I have, why I may still pretend to enjoy your Favour. I expect an opportunity to abolish the Conceits of Sacrilege ; which thought as if I had intended to offend that Deity which I always Adored, give me leave only to speak with you, that I may but discover to you in what manner Fortune was pleased to deceive you, and betray me. Then I assure my self, that my incorrupted Faith will regain your lost Affections, which is most ardently desired by, &c.

*To his absent Mistress.*

*Madam,*

If my Life be considerable to you, return very quickly, that I may be cured of a mortal Sickness, which has surprised me by reason of your absence; you ought to be careful in conserving me in the Passion I have of your Service; knowing there be few in the World can give so good a Testimony of your worth, to which long ago I dedicated my self.

*To the same Effect.*

*Madam,*

I have lead so sorrowful a Life since the Day of your Departure, that if I should recount it to the most insensible Souls in the World, 'tis credible they would be moved to Compassion. Yet I desire not to stir up that Passion in you, sufficing my self that you take notice of it, to the end you may make no Question of my Love, and less of my Constancy. I must tell you then, that having lost both my Appetite and Repose, I pass over whole Days without Eating, and whole Nights without Sleep. I may seek Contentment to a fair purpose in the Conversation of my Friends; but I can find it only in Solitude, where my thoughts as ingenious as your self, to encrease my Affection, represent nothing to me but Cruelty. Judge now if I be not one of the most wretched Lovers in the World. Yet my Consolation is in this, that I suffer all these Afflictions for the most worthy Subject living, and for whom I would lose a Thousand Lives, as being, &c.

*To*

## The Answer.

Sir,

I Believe you suffer less Pains than you have taken to describe that which you say my absence produced in you. My Beauty, I am sure, can cause neither Sorrow nor Affliction to any Man: So that if you continue your Complaints, I shall be forced to continue my Reproaches; cease then your Discourse of Sorrow, Griefs, Sighs, and Lamentations. It is a Language that molests me extreamly, and which makes me speak thus freely to you, in the Quality of, &c.

From a Lady by way of Expostulation.

Sir,

To whom I can no way doubt of your Affection by reason of so many Protestations you have made upon all occasions, able to convert any Misbeliever from the strongest Opinion to the contrary, since otherwise Honour, instead of Religion, should extreamly suffer by so much Falshood; yet, whether that Love or no be of so noble a Quality, as to merit my Regard, is scarce a Question, when you dare not before the Face of an Enemy, own those professions you have so often uttered. Alas, alas, to what a miserable condition am I brought, when he that my Heart would Pleasure, is afraid to receive the Favour, because he whom I have no will to Love, is pleased to be angry. If I be grown less in Virtue than I was, when you first made those large Tenders, you ought to express wherein, that I might defend my Reputation. But

if

If your Inconstancy proceed from Fancy, or want of Courage, you cannot expect I should remain the same.

*The Answer.*

Madam,

AS I cannot but confirm my Protestations by a Thousand other new Oaths, not only to re-assure you of my Fidelity in those pure Affections I first offered upon the Altar of my Heart to your Sacred Perfections, but must conjure your belief by all the powerful Spells of Honour and Justice, that neither the Greatness of my Rival, or Doubt of my own Safery could give the occasion to lessen those Respects so justly due from my Love to your Worth. Since I cannot only hold the greatest Person of too low a Consideration for your Thoughts, but my Life to be of too small a Value to be lost in any thing that can be possibly named by your Concernment. No, Dear Madam, it was nothing less than the Honour my Indignation apprehended, to suspect your invaluable Person might be in some danger, from the displeasure of those Friends, whose influence is so powerful for your Good or Harm. But now finding that I have a Releasement by the powerful Warrant of your Pen, the Gods shall not withhold me from performing those Services, wherein I will esteem Death a Purchase, if the Fair *Clelia* do but own the Sacrifice offer'd.

To

*To his Mistress, requesting her Picture.*

*Madam,*

I hope that you will not take amiss the Request that I now make you; that you will please to give me your Picture, knowing that I esteem the Original more than any thing in the World. That fair Body, enlivened with so much Sweetness and Perfection, I hold in so great a Veneration, that I pine after the Shadow of it. Be pleased therefore to ease my Impatience by the grant of this Favour, assuring your self that I shall place it among the greatest Happinesses that could ever befall, &c.

*The Answer.*

*Sir,*

The Request that you make me, to give you my Picture, is so obliging, that I am constrained to give my consent. Not at all wondring that you have before your Eyes the Image of a Person that admires you so much. Be pleased to believe this for a Truth, in recompence of that Favour which I bestow on you, as also that I shall ever continue to be, &c.

*To his Mistress, requesting a Lock of her Hair.*

*Madam,*

You need not wonder at that Servitude, to which you have reduc'd me; 'tis so pleasing to me, that I now request from you new Chains

by the Gift of a Bracelet of your Hair, to tell you how much I shall esteem that Favour, of which your Merit or my Love are only capable. And as you have the knowledge of my Requests, so shall I leave you to think of answering my Desires, as also of the Passions which I have to serve you, being more than ever, &c.

### *The Answer.*

Sir,

YOur Deserts have wrought so strong a Persuasion in me, to consent to the Favour which you request of me, that I send it you in this Letter. I shall not impose upon you the Silence which you ought to keep in this Matter, knowing your Discretion has prevented my Command. It suffices me to put you in mind, that as these are no common Favours, they require Secrecy from those that receive them. I suppose you will not forget your self in this Particular, while you remember that I am, &c.

*To his Mistress after his being recovered from an Ague.*

Madam,

YOur may very well admire to receive a Letter from one, whom long before this time, you might imagine to have been dead, a Patient which the Doctors gave over; and, who confesses himself, no Physick could have cured him, but that of your fair Presence, which carried such a Sovereignty with it, that my Ague presently left me, and Nature, in spite of my Disease, took Strength.

to her self, and rais'd me up in my Bed, to make  
this clear acknowledgment of cure to your Beauty  
Madam, I now find my self rid of that Distemper  
and am perswaded, that for the future, I shall  
ther suffer under the scalding heat of a Fever  
than of a shivering Cold. I could not but express  
my Fears to you, with my Thanks, hoping that you  
will take care to preserve what you have created,  
Be pleased to Interest your Affection, for my Sa-  
ty, and to defend a Creature, which your Good-  
ness has made so dear to you, as to be ever, &c.

*To his Mij'ress, upon the Death of her Servant*

*Madam,*

I Believe if you have been the last who have  
heard of the death of your Servant, that you  
will be one of the first, and indeed the only Person  
who will in your Soul celebrate the sad remem-  
brance of him, a much longer time than any of  
his Friends. Not that his merit obliges you; for  
you well know that all his merit doth not oblige you  
since I know all merit loses its Esteem in your Pre-  
sence, being so perfect as you are; nor your Pity  
though it be natural to you with your other Ver-  
tues: But own his Love and Constancy, as being  
both equally incomparable. Now what Punish-  
ment will you impose upon your Beauty, if there  
be nothing in you, that has partaken of the Mill-  
ions of Pains which he has endured for your Sake?  
Certainly you ought to suffer Shipwreck in the  
Sea of your own Tears, unless the God of Love  
has need of you for one of his Altars, since you are  
the only Idol, to whom surviving Suitors will now  
pay the Oblation of their Servitude. And as for  
my self, who have undertaken to succeed to the

*Merits*

o many and Constancy of your deceased Servant,  
Beauty will not give you assurance in Words; for Deeds  
themselves shall always be my Sureties. Dry up  
shall your Tears, stop your Sighs; I summon you to  
Fever's Duty in the behalf of Reason it self, knowing  
express Commands are to be obeyed. Madam, when  
that youst put Pen to Paper, I had a Design to comfort  
you created, but knowing the greatness of your Reso-  
ny Satisfaction against all sorts of Accidents, I changed  
Good Intention, to assure you of the Love and Ser-  
, &c. tude which I have vowed to you, under the Ti-  
of, &c.

*To his Sick Mistress.*

Madam,

Hough the fairest of Women envy your Bea-  
ties, and the most perfect your Merits, yet  
they silenced by your Charms. Nay, Sick-  
ness it self is rendred Captive by the Puissance of  
our Allurements. Which though it wound you,  
it is but with the Wounds that you have  
made, and doubtless it has seized on you, hoping  
by the Possession of your fair Body, it may  
change its Name and Nature. Neither do I  
believe it is you, but your Rigour which it intends  
to destroy. Be you less Cruel, and the Disease  
will asswage, otherwise you will be in danger of  
our Life; tho' questionless, the consideration of  
destroying so many Wonders, will put a stop to  
Designs. Death oftentimes makes use of Love  
against us, so that he will have a care of your  
life as of his keenest Weapon, wherewith he  
keeps us Men under his Command, making us  
willing to yield to his Stroke, as the Refuge of  
Misery, to which your Cruelty so frequent-  
reduces us. This I know by Experience, as  
being near the brink of the same Danger.

To his long absent Mistress.

Madam,

I Cannot but deplore my Misfortune, that Cam  
lion like, I live only on the Idea. All the Superfici  
ports of my frail Life having been for this Twelvemore  
Months, only from Imagination. I protest, Lad of my  
that Four Letters which I received Quarter after Certain  
Quarter, have with much ado kept me alive. To the Li  
last you directed to me being so short as if you my W  
had consigned me to the extremity of so thin other E  
Diet, that your most despised Lovers might in the o  
my pitiful Picture read to themselves Lecturesable t  
Consolation. Lady, I know at the best, that ab flam  
sent Persons cannot entertain themselves but by  
Letters ; yet by as woful Experience I find, that  
there is but small Pleasure to hear thus far off  
from one another as we do. For my part, I cannot  
but complain, and I think I have more cause than  
any Man living : You then that know the reality  
of this my Expression, believe me ; for you have  
expos'd me to such Extremities, that I am now  
resolved to approach you, and to write no more  
but to shew in A& what I have been accustomed  
to protest, how perfectly I can be, &c.

To his Mistress, acknowledging the accept  
ance of his Service.

Lady,

I Am at last, in part, persuaded, that I have two  
the best Fortunes that the Earth can afford  
me, the possession of your Vertue, and your Fa  
vour. You may say this Language is very fair,  
and that my Friendship speaks like Love ; I have

no other Answer to return you, but that as you gain Hearts, you have found out a way to enter into them, and see what Affections they produce. Let me therefore intreat you to behold the violence of my Devotion ; and since I do entitle you my Goddess, be pleas'd to express your self by the Suffix of so fair a Name, in accepting the Heart well more than the Hand, and prizing the Character Lady of my Sincerity, above the Value of my Oblation. Certainly I should be the most unfortunate among the Living, should you be a severe Censurer of my Works or Words, in both which there is neither Power no Eloquence ; but had I the one or the other in a perfect degree, I should never be desirous to shew you as I would, the desire that enables me to serve you, and to be, &c.

## Drolling Letters, &amp;c.

Madam,

I Have now left the bloody Banners of *Mars* to follow *Cupid's* Ensigns. Though I must now confess the latter to be the severer Service. For by the one we only get broken Pates, by the other wounded Hearts. There we have Pay and Plunder ; here we have neither. But from whence arises all my trouble ? 'Tis from you, Madam, who, like the *French Amazon* are risen up to terrifie me in the minds of all Conquests For alas ! the Assaults of your Eyes have so alarmed my Breast, that it is in vain for me to think of Reposing by Day, or Sleeping by Night. Oh that you would make an end of the War, and come and take me in my own Quarters ! otherwise I must be compelled to bring my scaling Ladders to force that Bulwark of Beauty, your fair and comely Body, to free

my

my self from the hourly Incursions which you Perfections make upon my Soul. But why do Rage? Deliver it by fair means; by the Beard of Jupiter, if you come to speedy Composition and Surrender, there is no Man shall venture his Life farther to defend you from the Batteries of Lyne, Fame and Slander. And more than that, you shall find him the most Faithful Knight that ever smote Terrible Gyant for Fair Ladies sake.

*A Country Schoolmaster to his Mistress.*

**E** Bright Star,

**K** Now you not already that you are mounted above the Horizon of Accomplishments, *Nihil verius est.* There is nothing more true. And being thus the Miracle of your Perfections, and the Perfection of Miracles, with soft Violence you have wounded my Bleeding Soul, *Femineo generi Tribuuntur*; the Feminine Gender is very troublesome. But, Oh Damsel! as Fair as you are Cruel, and as Cruel as you are Fair, do you not resemble that wicked Emperor *Nero*, who took pleasure to see the City of *Rome* on Fire. Oh! do not from the Turret of your Merits, with delight, behold not only the Suburbs, but the City it self of my Heart to burn, with all the Temples in it which I have Dedicated to your Honour. For I can assure you, more Fair than *Venus*, that whatever Oration or Syllogism, poor miserable Passive I can make by way of Special Demonstration, is only to shew and acknowledge how much I am your Superlative Servant, *per omnes casus*, in all Cases.

*A Seaman to his delight in Wapping.**Kind, if not unkind,*

Having read in a Ballad, that a Woman is compared to a Ship, it made me conceive no small Reason for a mutual Love betweeen us. Since it is most certain, that a Seaman cannot be without a Ship, nor a Ship without a Seaman; and therefore do not Shipwreck my good Intentions in their first Voyage to thee. Alas! For thou hast no reason to Despise me, because my Cloaths are besmeared with Pitch and Tar, knowing that I shall stick the faster to thee. I must confess I have cast anchor in the Harbour of thy Love. Oh! do not cut the Cable of my Affection, least I run a-shore into a Sea of Misery, and where the Waves of Despair, swell'd by the Gusts of thy Disdain, infull dash all my Hopes against the Rocks of Mis-  
adventure I am in already; nor is it in my Power to pull up my self. O Susan, Susan, receive my floating soul into the Cockboat of thy Heart, that thy  
book or Dick may not Die, but Live to Recompence  
the Preserver of his Life.

*A Country Parson to a Rich Farmer's Daughter.*

Dear Mrs. Dorothy,

He Parson of the Parish sends thee Greeting in these Lines. For verily, last Sunday, as was Preaching, thou didst Dart from thy Eyes Love of thy Amiable Features into my Breast: that even as a Woman with Child longeth for the Corner of an Apple-Tart, or piece of r

Mutton, so do I thirst after thee ; and even as a Virgin that eateth Chalk and drinketh Vinegar, looks Pale and looseth her Stomach, so do I look pale with Languishing for thee, and my Belly is shrunk up for want of Food, for I have not eaten above half a Sirloin of Beef, Forty Tythe-Eggs, Thirty Black Puddings, and Five great brown Apple-Pasties since *Sunday* last ; that your Father took me home to Dinner, which is now almost Week. I shall put it to thy choice whether thou wilt be Courted in Publick or Private ; for I have made six delicate Sermons upon the most amorous places in the *Canticles*, wherewithal to allum thee into my Embraces. If thou dost consent, then will I go to thy Mother, and as the Child desire the Maid to spread him some Bread and Butter for his Afternoon's Luncheon, so will I desire thy Mother to give her Daughter unto me, that may spread my self upon thee. If she replied Yea ; then will I speak unto her in the words of St. *Bernard*, I heartily thank you good Mother. But if she say unto me, Nay ; then as St. *Cyprian* has it very well, I shall be ready to hang myself. Be thou therefore my Preserver and my Intercessor, that neither thou may'st want a Husband, nor the Parish a Minister, nor thy Mother a Man to devour her Bag-Pudding.

# Love Songs.

*Cupid put to flight.*

**H**ence foolish Boy, my Anger flown, *finis*  
 Thy Triumphs are no more;  
 No more by thee, the World's undone,  
 Thy Conquest now give o'er:  
 Alas! that such an Elf so long  
 Besotted hath the World;  
 That at thy Beck the Warriers strong  
 Their Ensigns up have furl'd.

**2.**  
 And laid the glorious Business by,  
 That called forth their Arms;  
 To gaze upon a Woman's Eye,  
 And court destructive Charms;  
 Which at a distance Vertues kill,  
 And manly Courage tame;  
 Which dim Ambition's Lustre still,  
 And put us out of Frame.

**3.**  
 Then learn of me, henceforth be wise,  
 Slight, slight that foolish Boy,  
 Who over us would Tyrannize,  
 And all our Peace destroy:  
 In sunder let his Shafts be snapp'd,  
 And he at nought be set,  
 With his false Mother be entrapp'd,  
 In Vulcan's subtle Net.

## The Brisk Lover.

**B**E gone thou dull Morpheus, thou Envier of Bliss,  
Who shrouds us in slumber while Pleasure we miss;  
The briskest Delights fly over, while we  
By the Fumes of bad Wine contract Lethargy :  
When Beauties do languish, and vainly expect  
The Joys that they sigh for, thou causest neglect ;  
While they curse their hard Fate, and find no Relief,  
But scrubbing and scratching, complain of their Grief.

Then fly to thy Cave where drowsiness rests,  
Which every Night's Goddess with Sable invests ;  
And let us alone in our pleasant Embraces,  
Hinder not Lovers in their active Paces.

Let their flames burn bright'er, their joys still increase,  
While passionate Lovers fulfil every Wish :  
And to God Cupid let Homage be paid,  
For Love is a Deity must obey'd.

## Cruelty Reveng'd.

**D**AME Nature thou hast made me fair,  
And Art endu'd me past compare ;  
So that I've oft been sought in vain,  
And still have answer'd with disdain,  
No sight could move me to have lov'd,  
To Plaints deaf as the Seas I've prov'd ;  
Laugh'd when they languished in despair,  
And triumph'd in each falling tear,

But now the mighty Triumph's past,  
And I wear Cupid's Chains at last ;  
I love the Man that loves not me,  
But pays with scorn my Cruelty.

He flies from me when I make Suit,  
 And will not bear my Passion out;  
 But leaves me blushing and confus'd,  
 Saying, Too many I've abus'd.

Alas! what shall poor Celia do?  
 My former Cruelties I true,  
 And yet is all in vain; my Grief  
 Finds no asswagement or relief;  
 I see the powerful God of Love,  
 Never his Shafts in vain does prove,  
 To punish those that disobey,  
 And do despise his Scepter's sway.

*right*

### The deceived Nymph's Complaint.

1.

I ris on the Banks of Thames,  
 With a Sigh and weeping Eyes,  
 Said to lovely Cellaman,  
 Let no Man your Heart surprize,  
 Men are all made up of Lyes.

2.

Though a thousand times they swear,  
 And as many Vows repeat,  
 All they say is common Air,  
 All they promise but deceit,  
 None were ever constant yet.

3.

Wisely then preserve your Heart  
 From such Tyranny of hate,  
 Which only they can act its part,  
 When Love has its return of Fate,  
 And then Repentance comes too late.

## The Chaste Lover.

**H**ence stormy Boreas, fan the roaring Ocean ;  
Or in wild Africk raise some strong Commotion,  
Where Auster spreads his Cloud-supporting Wings,  
Disturb not with thy Breath those Silver Springs,  
In which Diana's Nymphs bathe their fair Limbs,  
And blushing, sport about the verdant Brims ;  
While charming Satyrs dance the Antick round,  
And are with Vines and Ivy Chaplets crown'd.

Where the chaste Goddess, by the Moon's pale light,  
Appears in Majesty transcendent bright,  
And summons thither all her Silver Train,  
Among which Train my fair Nymph doth reside,  
In thoughts of whom I take my chiefeſt Pride :  
Her naked Beauty so transporting prove,  
That whoſo gazes, ravish'd is with Love.

## Love's Folly displayed.

**I** Ne'er was in Love but once,  
Then how like a Fool did I look ?  
As never did block-headed Dunce,  
Who fear'd to be whipp'd for his Book.  
Who made more Excuses than I,  
To tell Folks I was not in Love ?  
But my Looks gave me the Lye,  
My Heart with my Tongue did not move.  
How much more than a Woman I made her,  
My ſelf how much less than a Man ;  
Let him who in Love is a Trader,  
Put on his Proſpectives and Scan.  
Which cauſ'd her to stand at a diſtance,  
And long hold off in defiance ;  
But I was cur'd by reſiſtance,  
Which I ne'er had been by compliance.

And since I have laugh'd full oft,  
 To think of the Follies of Love ;  
 How Lovers are jeer'd and scoff'd,  
 Yet will not the Cause remove.  
 A Cook-wench, if once she find  
 That unto her Love you are bent ;  
 She'll be puffed up in her mind,  
 And fancy that she's a Saint.

The Spinning Wheel. Sung to the  
 L. at Windsor.

1.  
 Upon a Sun-shine Summers day,  
 When every Tree was green and gay,  
 The Morning blush'd with Phœbus Ray,  
 Just then ascending from the Sea,  
 As Sylvio did a Hunting ride,  
 A lonely Cottage he espy'd,  
 Where lovely Chloe Spinning late,  
 And still she turn'd her Wheel about.

2.  
 Her Face a thousand Graces crown,  
 Her curling Hair was lovely brown ;  
 Her rowling Eyes all Hearts did win,  
 And white as Down of Swan her Skin.  
 So taking her plain dress appears,  
 Her age not passing sixteen Years ;  
 The Swain lay sighing at her Foot,  
 Yet still she turn'd her Wheel about.

3.  
 Thou sweetest of thy tender kind,  
 Cries he, this ne'er can suit thy mind ;  
 Such Grace attracting noble Loves,  
 Was ne'er designed for Woods nor Groves.

Come, come with me, to Court, my dear,  
Partake my love and honours there;  
And leave this sordid rural rout,  
And turn thy Wheel no more about.

4.

At this with some few modest sighs,  
She turns to him her charming Eyes ;  
Ah ! tempt me, Sir, no more, she cries,  
Nor seek my weakness to surprize ;  
I know your Arts to be believ'd,  
And know how Virgins are deceiv'd ;  
Then let me thus my Life wear out,  
And turn my harmless Wheel about.

5.

By that dear panting Breast, cries he,  
And yet unseen Divinity ;  
Nay, by my Soul, that rests in thee,  
I swear this cannot, must not be.  
Ah ! cause not my eternal woe,  
Nor kill the Man that loves thee so ;  
But go with me, and ease my doubt,  
And turn no more thy Wheel about.

6.

His cunning Tongue so plaid its part,  
He gain'd admission to her Heart,  
And now she thinks it is no Sin  
To take Love's fatal Poison in ;  
But ah ! too late she found her fault,  
For he her Charms had soon forgot ;  
And left her c'er the Year run out  
In Tears to turn her Wheel about.

### A Catch.

**S**ome thirty, or forty, or fifty at least,  
Or more, I have lov'd in vain, in vain ;  
But if you'll vouchsafe to hear a poor Guest,  
For once I will venture again, again.

Hyp

How long shall I be i'this mind, this mind,  
 Is totally in your own Power ;  
 All my Days I can pass with the kind, the kind,  
 But I'll part with the proud in an hour.  
 Then be but good natur'd and civil, and civil, !  
 You'll find that I can be so too, so too,  
 Or if not, you may go, you may go to the Devil,  
 Or the Devil may come to you, to you.

## Love's Power Contemn'd.

**A** Way foolish Boy,  
 I'll not endure  
 Love, that simple toy  
 For to procure  
 To me the least annoy ;  
 Away with your quiver  
 Your idle dart  
 Shall never, never  
 Procure my smart ;  
 But I'll brave thee ever.  
 Oh that Men should be  
 Afraid of thee,  
 Afraid of one  
 Who could never see :  
 And at his Throne  
 Still to bow the Knee,  
 Whom Folly impowers,  
 To bear such sway ;  
 When as idle Hours  
 Do us betray  
 To sleep in his Bowers.

## The Country Wooing.

**F**air Betty you know that I have long lov'd you ;  
 And to be my Wife, I full often have mov'd you ;  
 But

But you have look'd scornful, yet now tell me true,  
 What is it, my Sweeting, you mean for to do?  
 If that you will have me, deny me no more,  
 For I of my Complements have spent all my store;  
 Then say, my Love, shall's wedded be, and blush not;  
 For I am resolv'd to know the very upshot?

Are you in earnest then; nay if you be so,  
 I se must ask my Mamme before I se can go:  
 I se warrant ye she'll glad me, when once she hears on't.  
 I se oft bear you talk, but ne'er ween'd y'had a don't.  
 But if we mun be Married, all be Married,  
 I se will be to the Kirk on Horseback carried,  
 And then we's have a Feast made of Curds and Cream.  
 Where I se am resolv'd for to watchel my Wemb.

Then art thou so willing my pretty Pigs Nies,  
 The only Jewel that Jonny e'er did prize;  
 Then to thy Mother's House speedily let's gan,  
 For to be tickling thee, faith I do lang;  
 We'll daily in the Pease-Mow sport it merrily;  
 And all the pretty Arts of Love there we'll try;  
 I will clip thee in my Arms with soft Kisses,  
 Such as Gentleweke give to their kind Misses.

### The Lover in Despair.

**D**arkness does now the World surround,  
 And silence every where abound;  
 Each Shepherd with his Shepherdess,  
 Dallying long in Love's excess,  
 Sleeps at last between her Breasts,  
 And void of care, securely rests.

The Flocks they now do cease to stray,  
 And only Stars keek on their way;  
 And silent Ghosts who haunt the Tombs,  
 And vanish with the dismal Gloom;  
 But I, poor I, with Love possess'd,  
 Must languish, and can have no rest.

What

What is it that I have not done ?  
 What sighs, what showers of tears, what moan  
 Have I sent, have I shed and made ?  
 Yet still with scorn I am repaid ;  
 Since Virtue here no rest can have,  
 I'll haste to slumber in the Grave.

## Virgins Admonished.

1.

Pretty Nymph, why always blushing ?  
 If thou lov'st, why art thou coy ?  
 In thy Cheeks these Roses flushing  
 Shew thee fearful of thy Joy,  
 What is Man that thou shouldst dread  
 To change with him a Maiden-head ?

2.

At first all Virgins fear to do it,  
 And but trifle away their time,  
 And still unwilling to come to it,  
 In foolish whining spend their time ;  
 But when they once have found the way,  
 Then they are for it Night and Day.

## Kindness the true Cure.

I languish all Night,  
 And I sigh all the Day,  
 Yet Celia proves cruel  
 And still turns away :  
 She hides the bright Lustre  
 Of her Sun-like Eyes,  
 And unimployed Beauty,  
 For which Strephon dies.

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 But 'tis in vain,  
 Apollo himself  
 Cannot ease my fierce pain ;

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Must languish, and can have no rest.

What

What is it that I have not done ?  
 What sighs, what showers of tears, what moan  
 Have I sent, have I shed and made ?  
 Yet still with Scorn I am repaid ;  
 Since Virtue here no rest can have,  
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 Of her Sun-like Eyes,  
 And unimployed Beauty,  
 For which Strephon dies.

The Nymphs they do pity me,  
 But 'tis in vain,  
 Apollo himself  
 Cannot ease my fierce pain ;

None but she that wounde me.

Has Balsom to cure  
The desperate anguish  
I daily endure.

## Celia Unkind.

My Celia stay, why fliest thou so?  
Whither, whither wilt thou go?  
Cruel! wilt thou leave me now,  
To whom thou constancy did vow,  
When thy soft whispers through my Ears  
Passing, banished all my Fears;  
Think, think of what so late is past,  
And fie not, fie not, now so fast.

Wound me not with Cruelty,  
For if so, I soon shall die;  
My Life it is bound up in thee,  
And when thou art gone it leaveth me;  
No pleasure but in thee I take,  
And all things suffer for thy sake;  
Nothing e're too hard can prove  
For my ever constant Love.

For since my Breast has proved Fuel,  
And took fire, be you not cruel,  
But with kindness quench the fire,  
Which still burns with strong desire;  
Which still torments with pleasing pain,  
Oh! come, my Celia, back again:  
With gentle breath, come fan my Fever,  
Or I am lost, undone for ever.

A Drinke

## A Drinking Song.

Come fill us the Glasses until they run o'er,  
 Wine is the Mistress we ought to adore ;  
 Women are pretty Fantastical Toys,  
 Fit to please foolish and ignorant Boys, (joys,  
 But Wine, Wine, 'tis Wine alone that affords the true  
 'Tis Wine, 'tis Wine alone that affords the true joys.

Wine keeps out Envy and Grief from our Hearts,  
 Wine keeps us from blind Love his Darts ;  
 We never at Fortune's Injustice complain,  
 Nor are we troubled for Celia's disdain.

But all, all our Cares are drown'd in Champaign ;  
 All, all our Cares are drown'd in Champaign.

Come fill the Glass, and I'll drink a new Health,  
 Which shall not be to my Wit nor my Wealth ;  
 Or to my Mistress, to his, or to thine,  
 But to a Creature more rare and divine ; (wine:  
 Come here, here, here's to the best, I mean the best  
 Hero, here's to the best, I mean the best wine.

## No Fool like the Old One.

How frail is old Age to believe  
 Their Sinews can never be strong ;  
 Or think that a heap  
 Of Diseases can reap  
 The Pleasures of him that is Young ;  
 So wretched a thing is a doting Old Man.

His Life has been spent in Debauch,  
 Till he comes to be Sixty or more ;  
 And so wenches on,  
 Till his vigour be gone,  
 And then the old Letcher gives o'er ;  
 And an Old doting Fool is worse than a Young.

Love's

## Love's World.

**G**reat Artist Love the sure Foundation laid,  
And out of me another World has made ;  
The Earth is my Fidelity which stands  
Immoveable, by any mortal Hands ;  
And as this World upon this Earth is founded,  
So this on my Fidelity is grounded.

If any Fits of Jealousie do make  
The Earth of my Fidelity to shake ;  
And cause my constant solid Heart to tremble,  
Imprison'd Winds exactly they resemble ;  
Which being in the pregnant Womb inclos'd,  
Make me and the whole Globe be discompos'd.

My Tears the Ocean are, you may as soon  
Empty the Sea, as stop their running down.  
My Sighs so many Storms are, which rebel,  
And make this Sea to bubble and to swell ;  
And my Eyes flowing, Rivolets do glide,  
Paying their constant Tribute to this Tide.

The Air my Will is, pure, serene and free,  
And always waits on my Fidelity ;  
The Wind is my Desire, and rules my Will,  
Which by the stronger Gust is moved still ;  
And as in Caverns we do see the Wind,  
So my desire is in my Heart confin'd.

The Fire invisible mixed in the Air  
These Secret Flames that burn my Heart are ;  
And as this Element no Eye can see,  
Even so my Flames within me smother'd be ;  
But as all Fire some nourishment do's crave,  
So must mine die, or nourishment must have.

hope the Moon is, which does still encrease,  
else diminish always more or less ;  
and as fair Sylvia, I do find it true,  
have no light until supply'd by you :  
she no bright Perfection ever won,  
beautified with Glories from the Sun.

The Sun is your incomparable Eye,  
which other Planets do so far outvie ;  
but as the Sun Life to the World does give,  
Lovers die, unless you bid 'em live ;  
Tis Day when you appear, and it is Night  
obscurely, when you are out of sight.

The Sun is my Joy, when you do please  
to shine upon me, and my Passions ease ;  
the Winter is my fear, when you withdraw,  
and my despairing doubts deny to thaw ;  
And then, alas ! what Fruits can Autumn bring,  
When I can find no Flowers in the Spring ?

### The Resolved Lover.

Long did I love to my Torment,  
But Phillis grew proud and cruel ;  
Lighting all means of Preferment,  
I languish'd my Life away ;  
Jealousies, Doubts, Despairs,  
Did hourly encrease the Fuel ;  
Sighs, and a Deluge of Tears,  
Were out the tedious Day.  
But now I know what the worst of Love is,  
I'll leave it quite o'er, and languish no more ;  
Let the amorous Cully despair :  
My love I will lend to my Bottle and Friend,  
And still live as free as the Air,  
Charming and bright as a Goddess,  
Was Phillis, when first I lov'd her ;

But

But now she is proud and immodest;

Ab ! pity 'twas her Crime;

Though she so dearly did love it,

She'd rail when e'er I mou'd her,

Scorn of a Blessing they covet;

Damns Women before their time.

Why should a Man that has Sense and Honour,  
Doat on a Snare that the Devil made fair,

As a Plague to the best of Mankind?

They Love, Fawn, and Pray, yet hate the next Day;  
There's no Joy like Wit and Wine.

### The Generous Lover.

**T**He Night her blackest Sables wore,  
All gloomy were the Skies ;  
And glittering Stars there were no more,  
Than those in Stella's Eyes !  
When at her Father's Gate I knockt,  
Where I had often been ;  
And shrouded only by her Smock,  
This Angel let me in.

Fast lockt within my close Embrace  
She trembling lay abhain'd ;  
Her swelling Breasts and glowing Face,  
And every touch enflam'd ;  
My eager Passion I obey'd,  
Resolv'd the Fort to win ;  
And her fond Heart was soon betray'd,  
To yield and let me in.

Ab ! then beyond expressing,  
Immortal was the Joy ;  
I know no greater Blessing,  
So much a God was I ,  
And she transported with Delight,  
Oft pray'd me come again.

And kindly vow'd that every Night  
She'd rise and let me in.

But ah ! at last she proved with Bearns,  
And sighing late and dull ;  
And I that was as much concern'd,  
Look'd then just like a Fool.  
Her lovely Eyes with Tears run over,  
Repeating her sweet sin ;  
She sigh'd and curst the fatal hour  
That e'er she let me in.

Day;

But who could cruelty deceive,  
Or from such Virtue part ?  
I lov'd her so, I could not leave  
The Charmer for my heart ;  
But Wounded and concealed her Crime,  
Thus all was well agen ;  
And now she thanks the blessed time  
That e'er she let me in.

## SONG.

**A**fter the sweetest Pangs of hot desire,  
Between Panthea's rising Breasts,  
His bended Head Philander rests ;  
Though vanquish'd yet, unknowing to retire,  
Close hugs the Charmer, and ashamed to yield.  
Though he has lost the Day, still keeps the Field.

When with a sigh, the fair Panthea said,  
Wat pity 'tis ye Gods, that all  
The bravest Warriours soonest fall :  
Then with a kiss she gently raised his head,  
Armed him again for Fight, for nobly she  
More loved the Combate, than the Victory.

Then

Then more enrag'd for being beat before,  
 With all his strength he does prepare  
 More fiercely to renew the War :  
 Nor ceas'd till the noble Prize he wore ;  
 Even her succ's wondrous Courage did surprize,  
 She hugs the Dart that wounded her, and dies.

## Celia's Expostulation.

**S**AD as Death at dead of night,  
 The fair complaining Celia sat ;  
 But one poor Lamp was all her Light,  
 While thus she reason'd with her Fate,  
 Why should Man such Triumphs gain,  
 And purchase Joys that give us pain ?  
 Ah ! what Glory can ensue,  
 A helpless Virgin to undo !

Curse the Night, and curse the Hour,  
 When first he drew me to his Arms ;  
 When Virtue was betray'd by Power,  
 And yielded to unlawful Charms.  
 When Love approach'd with all his Fires,  
 Armed with Hopes and strong Desires,  
 Sighs and tears, and every Wile,  
 With which Men the Maids beguile.

Dream no more of Pleasures past,  
 Since all the Torments are to come ;  
 The Secret is made known at last,  
 And endless shame is now thy doom.  
 The false Forsworn, alas ! is gone,  
 And left thee to despair alone ;  
 Who that hears of Celia's pain,  
 Will ever trust a Man again ?

## SONG.

**B**right *Virtue's a Treasure*  
*Exceeds my Love's Pleasure,*  
*It makes a Heaven on Earth;*  
*There's nought in Creation*  
*Of the divine Fashion,*  
*But owes unto it its Birth.*

*Tell me not of Beauty,*  
*For that will not suit me,*  
*Nor Riches make me obey;*  
*'Tis *Virtue* does charm me,  
*'Gainst all else I arm me,*  
*To that my best thoughts I pay.**

*Then find me that Jewel,*  
*My Breast shall be Fuel*  
*To entertain a chaste Flame:*  
*I'll Woman admire,*  
*If *Virtue* inspire,*  
*And ever extol her Fame,*  
*She shall be the Treasure,*  
*I'll love beyond measure,*  
*And my delight in her place;*  
*For if *Virtue* abound,*  
*Wealth and Beauty are found,*  
*Since *Virtues* supply every Grace.*

## The Charmed Lover.

**S**he who my poor Heart possesses,  
*Is of late so fickle grown;*  
*She to every Fop that dresses,*  
*Still is prating with her own.*  
*Once if any chanc'd to name her,*  
*I all ravish'd did appear;*  
*Now I blush, least they defame her,*  
*With some Truth I dare not hear.*

While

While my doubts are yet prevailing,  
 If she but the thing deny ;  
 Soon she makes me leave my railing,  
 And I give my thoughts the lye.  
 You whose skill in Love is greater,  
 Say what Charm compels my Fate,  
 Say what makes me love her better,  
 Whom, I fear, I ought to hate.

The Clown's Courtship sung to the King  
 at Windsor.

1.  
**Q** No John to Joan, Wilt thou have me ?  
 I prithee now wile, and I'll marry with thee  
 My Cow, my Horse, my House and Rents,  
 And aw my Lands and Tenements ;  
 Say my Joan, say my Joan, wilt thou not do ?  
 I cannot, I cannot come every Day to woe ?

2.  
 I ha Corn and Hay in the Barn hard by,  
 And three fat Hogs pent up in a Sty ;  
 I have a Mare and she is coal black,  
 I ride on her Tail to save her Back.  
 Say my Joan, &c.

3.  
 I have a Cheese upon the Shelf,  
 I cannot eat it all my self ;  
 I have three good Marks that lie in a Rag,  
 In a Nook of a Chimney instead of a Bag.  
 Say my Joan, &c.

4.  
 To marry I would have thy Consent ;  
 But, Vaith I never could Complement ;  
 I can say nought but Hoy Gee Hoa,  
 Terms that belong to Cart and Plough.  
 Say my Joan, &c.

The Wo

## The Earnest Suit.

No more cruel Nymph, my Passion despise,  
Or slight a poor Lover that languishing lies;  
Though Fortune my Name with no Titles endu'd,  
My fierce is my passion, and warm is my Blood;  
The Love of an Emperor no greater can be,  
And Enjoyment's the same in every degree.

But vigorous and young, I'll fly to thy Arms;  
Infusing my Soul in Elysium of Charms;  
Monarch I'll be, when I lye by thy side,  
And thy pretty Hand my Scepter shall guide;  
Thus charmed with each other, true Rapture we'll prove,  
While Angels look down, and envy our Love.

## To Chloris.

No silly Chloris,  
Tell me no such Stories,  
True genorous Love can never undo ye;  
When I desert you,  
Let affected Virtue  
Charm ever Fop that now does pursue you.  
Search all humane Nature,  
Try every Creature,  
Ransack all Complexions, try every Feature.  
When ever I die,  
You'll too late descry,  
None ever yet loved ye so well as I.

Curse on Ambition,  
What a bless'd Condition  
Lovers were in, not swind by that Dæmon.  
Thou cruel Chloris,  
Careless of vain Glories  
Would reap more Bliss than Pride e'er could dream on.

We

We should have no dying,  
 No faint denying.  
 Repulses or sighings, when the Soul is flying,  
 Mammon's trifling Toys,  
 She would then despise,  
 And own our Love the center of our Joys.

## A Dialogue,

Shepherdess.

Tell me Thirsis, tell your Anguish,  
 Why you sigh, and why you languish;  
 When the Nymph whom you adore,  
 Grants the blessing  
 Of possessing,  
 What can Love do more?

Shepherd.

Think it's Love beyond all measure,  
 Makes me faint away with pleasure;  
 Strength of Cordials may destroy,  
 And the blessing  
 Of possessing,  
 Kills me with excess of Joy.

Shepherdess.

Thirsis, how can I believe thee?  
 But confess, and I'll forgive you,  
 Men are false, and so are you:

Never Nature  
 Found a Creature  
 To enjoy, and yet be true.

Shepherd.

Mine's a Flame beyond expiring,  
 Still possessing, still desiring,  
 Fit for Love's Imperial Crown:  
 Ever shining,  
 And repining,  
 Still 'tis melted down.

On

## On Beauty.

**B**eauty, thou Throne of Graces,  
Bright Queen of charming Faces;  
thou Soul of ~~ever~~ less Passion,  
Thou Tyrant of the Nation,  
Thou God that dost enflame us,  
Thou Fury sent to charm us;  
How happy should we be,  
Proud Foe, wer't not for thee.

Numerous shining Glories,  
Adorned my lovely Chloris;  
Her Face was sweet as Summer,  
Her Pride did well become her;  
Her Voice from Jove was given,  
Each Angel flew from Heaven,  
And smiling clapp'd his Wing,  
For joy to hear her sing.

My Soul was still admiring  
This falser than a Syren.  
I strongly did besiege her,  
But ne'er durst disoblige her:  
But she like Frosty Weather,  
Nipp'd all my Buds together,  
And thinking me untrue,  
My fond Heart did undoe.

## Squire Old-Sap

**C**lose in a hollow silent Cave,  
Young Damon sleeping lay;  
Himself one hour from grief to save,  
And from the scorching fiery day.

He

He Celia lov'd, whose Face and Wit  
 Did every Shepherd's fence controul,  
 Whose flowing Hair was Love's first Net,  
 Whose every Glance a Heart did get,  
 And every Smile a Soul.

But see what Balm Love's Monarch keeps  
 To ease a Lover's pain,  
 As he in his dark Mansion sleeps  
 It fiercely 'gain to Rain.

Fair Celia roving through the Farm,  
 A straying Lamb from hurt to save,  
 Which found, she folds with her white Arm,  
 And then to save her from the Storm  
 Streight slipt into the Cave.

The drowsie Swain began to smile  
 To see his Heaven so nigh,  
 She blush'd, and fear'd, and all the while  
 The Lamb stood bleating by ;  
 No breath is left her to complain,  
 She's now a Captive by surprize,  
 And fears approaching Joy and Pain,  
 Thus at the Mercy of the Swain  
 The charming Virgin lies.

### The Invitation.

**A**h Chloris hasten to thy Strephon's Arms,  
 Where we'll dally midst a Thousand Charms,  
 Love shall transport us, while each wandering Swain  
 Suffers his Sheep to scatter on the Plain,  
 Lays by his Reeds, charm'd with the thoughts of Bliss,  
 And Envy's all our blooming Happiness.

Each Nymph shall sigh while we embrace in Love,  
 And envy us that we so constant prove ;  
 Oh charming Chloris haste, make haste away,  
 My Torments are increased by delay.

The

The Tyrant Love has seized upon my Heart,  
And I am wounded by his cruel Dart ;  
No more can I resist his conq'ring Flame,  
Than to rejoice when I hear Chloris Name.

Come, come, my lovely Nymph, the Shades invite,  
And gaudy Spring is tempting to delight ;  
Then haste my fair One, haste, and come away,  
For know thy Strephon suffers by delay.

## SONG.

1.

Right was the Morning cool the Air,  
Serene was all the Sky,  
When on the Waves I left my fair,  
The Centre of my Joy,  
Heaven and Nature smiling were ;  
And nothing sad but I.

2.

Each Rosie Field rich Odours spread,  
All Fragrant was the Shear,  
Each River-God rose from his Bed,  
And sigh'd, and lowr'd his Power,  
Curling their Waves, they deck'd her Head,  
As proud of what they bore.

3.

Glide on ye Waters, bear these Lines,  
And tell her my distress ;  
Bear all my sighs, ye gentle Winds,  
And waft them to her Breast ;  
Tell her, if e'er she prove unkind,  
I never shall have rest.

## Beauty drown'd in Tears.

SEE what a Conquest Love has made,  
Beneath the Myrtle am'rous Shade,

G

The

The Charming Fair Clorinda lies  
 All melting in desire,  
 Quenching in Tears those flaming Eyes  
 That fate the World on Fire.

Lamenting her Leander's Scorn,  
 She Eeches to the Rosy Morn ;  
 And with such Breath perfumes the Air,  
 Surprising Flora's Bower,  
 While from her Eyes and Cheeks so fair,  
 Still flows a pearly Flower.

Yet this hard-hearted Shepherd flies,  
 And to the World's bright Star denies  
 What Kings would humbly offer,  
 Scepters, Diadems, and all ;  
 Nay, Kingdoms should they proffer,  
 Compar'd with Beauty are but small.

### The Coy Bride vanquish'd at length.

**F**aith, Madam, be not Coy,  
 For I intend to Trouze ye ;  
 Think ye I have liv'd so long,  
 And know not how to use ye ?

For if so, you do me wrong,  
 Alas ! Why this to me ?  
 'Tis but in vain that from my Arms  
 You strive your self to free.

Come gently then, lie down, my Dear,  
 Upon your Bridal Bed ;  
 For no less stake I mean to Play  
 Than is your Maiden-Head,

## Love Songs.

167

! sigh not so, 'tis all in vain,  
I have Commission now ;  
nd to God Cupid thus---and thus---  
I mean to pay my Vow.

## Opportunity well taken.

When Summer had adorn'd each Grove,  
And in her Pride was Blooming,  
nd Flora from her Throne above  
The Air with Sweets perfuming :

Then forth I walkt to view the Plains,  
Where num'rous Flocks were feeding ;  
I hear the Shepherds rural strains,  
With nimble Feet proceeding.

There in a Crystal purling stream,  
From Neighbouring Hills descending,  
Which shelter'd was from Phœbus Beams,  
By Poplar Boughs o'er bending,

I spy'd a pretty Shepherdess,  
That Naked there was sporting ;  
Then gaze on her I could no less,  
The Sight was so Transporting.

Nor long could I at distance stand,  
Her beams were so attractive,  
And by their Secret Force Command  
My Passion to be active.

Her Rosie Cheeks and Starry Eyes,  
High Rising Front and Tresses,  
Her panting Breasts and Iv'ry Thighs,  
And what Love ne'er Expresses.

So fair a sight beneath the Flood,  
 The Charming Syrens singing,  
 I might have easier withstood,  
 For Love my thoughts were winning.  
 Then streight I snatch'd her from the Stream,  
 All sighing, blushing, shrieking,  
 And prest her on the flowry Brim  
 Until she left her squeaking.

## Damon's Loss.

**H**aste ye Beauteous Nymphs of Shades,  
 Haste Appollo's sacred Maids,  
 Damon now is in distress,  
 Having lost his Happiness ;  
 All his Joys are gone and fled,  
 For Amarillis she is dead.

Lend him help, or he must die,  
 For Groans are all his Harmony ;  
 Weep, ye Springs and Fountains, weep,  
 Bleat my Flocks of tender Sheep,  
 With sad Songs I'll pass the Day,  
 And sigh the sullen Night away ;  
 For she is gone, who from my Breast  
 Has banish'd all my peace and rest ;  
 To the Shades I'll hasten apace,  
 There to behold her lovely Face.

Cursed was the fatal hour,  
 When cold Death, arm'd with his power,  
 Put to flight the God of Love,  
 Whose fierce Shafts too weak did prove  
 To guard a Beauty so divine ;  
 Henceforth Lovers leave his Shrine,  
 Since his Power's so feeble grown,  
 That he can't defend his own.

## Love Songs.

249

, Oh the sad Fate of my Love !  
At once two shafts did prove ;  
One all Fever, t'other Ice,  
Nature conquer'd in a trice ;  
She from its defences beat,  
Still she shines a Saint compleat.  
The Shepherds Star shall be,  
Kind Influence shed on me ;  
With gazing nightly view  
What did my Heart subdue,  
Shining brightest in the Sphear,  
Beyond the reach of Mortal fear ;  
Which shall clear my lingring stay,  
Till to her I find the way.

## Philander's Complaint.

Philander, once a merry Swain,  
A Charming Nymph did love,  
Who never paid his Love again,  
But did unconstant prove ;  
Falsely the Shepherd she forsook,  
And did his Love disdain,  
For he in Love such Pleasure took,  
That he embrac'd the Pain.  
Such was his Passion, such his Flame,  
So full of Honour too,  
That he still lov'd to breath her name,  
Although she prov'd untrue.  
Therefore beneath a Myrtle shade,  
One pleasant Summer Morn,  
The too unhappy Shepherd laid,  
And did lament his scorn.  
Thus to himself the wretched Swain,  
Though tender of her Fame,  
Of Silvia's falsehood did complain,  
Yet durst not blaze his Name.

Dear Silvia, why did thou give way,  
 That I should talk of Love,  
 Yet know thou couldst not Love repay,  
 Nor wouldst my Flame reprove ?  
 When in its Youth my Passion was,  
 'Twas easy to remove ;  
 But now 'tis grown to such a pass,  
 The Task too hard will prove :  
 For in my Heart the Love of you  
 Too deeply rooted is ;  
 'Twas the first Grief I ever knew,  
 Yet is my greatest Bliss.

## Strephon's Performance.

**R**anging the Plain one Summer's Night,  
 To pass a vacant Hour,  
 I fortunately chanc'd to light  
 On lovely Phillis's Bower.  
 The Nymph adorn'd with Thousand Charms  
 In Expectation sat,  
 To meet those Joys in Strephon's Arms,  
 Which Tongue cannot relate.

Upon her Hand she lean'd her Head,  
 Her Breasts did gently rise,  
 That e'ry Lover might have read  
 Her wishes in her Eyes.  
 At every Breath that mov'd the Trees  
 She suddenly would start,  
 A Cold on all her Body seiz'd,  
 A Trembling on her Heart.

But he that knew how well she lov'd,  
 Beyond his Hour had staid,  
 That both with Fear and Anger mov'd  
 The Melancholy Maid :

Gods, said she, how oft he swore  
He would be here by One !  
At now, alas ! 'tis Six and more,  
And yet he is not come.

I fear he does some other love,  
Which makes him thus neglect  
My constant passion for to prove,  
And shew this disrespect :  
But scarce these words did beat the Air  
E'er loving Strephon came,  
And on the Bank he laid his Dear,  
Where both exprest their Flame.

## The Rapture.

As on Serena's panting Breast  
The Happy Strephon lay,  
With love and Beauty doubly blest  
He past the hours away.  
Fierce Raptures of transporting Love  
And Pleasures struck him Dumb,  
He envy'd not the Powers above,  
Nor all the Joys to come.

As painful Bees far off do rove  
To bring their Treasures home,  
So Strephon rang'd the Fields of Love,  
To make his Honey-Comb.  
Her Ruby Lips he suckt and prest,  
From whence all Sweets derive ;  
Then buzzing round her Snowy Breast,  
Soon crept into the Hive.

## Al-a-mode Felicity.

Happy's the Man that takes delight  
In banqueting his Senses,  
That drinks all day, and then at night  
The height of Joy commences.

With Bottles arm'd we stand our ground,  
Full Bumpers crown our Bliss's,  
Then roar and drink the Streets around,  
In Serenading Misses.

By Blessings free, and unconfin'd,  
We prove, without Reproaches,  
There's no Bliss like a Frolick Mind,  
Or Pleasures like Delauches.

Whilst Rambling thus new Joys we reap,  
In Charms of Love and Drinking,  
Insipid Fops lie drown'd in Sleep,  
and the Cuckold he lies thinking.

### In Praise of Marriage.

1.  
Under the Branches of a spreading Vine  
Silvander, far from Care, and Danger free,  
His vain, inconstant Humour shows  
To his dear Nymph that sung of Marriage Vows;  
But she with flowing Graces, charming Air,  
Cries, fie, fie, fie, my Dear, give o'er,  
Ah ! tempt the Power no more,  
But thy Offence with Penitence repair;  
For though Vice in Beauty seem sweet in thy Arms,  
An Innocent Beauty has always more Charms.

2.  
Ah ! Philida, the angry Swain reply'd,  
Is not a Mistress better than a Bride?  
What Man that Universal Yoke retains,  
But meets an hour to sigh and curse his Chains?  
She smiling cries, Change, change that impious Mind;  
Without it we could prove,  
Not half the Joys of Love,  
'Tis Marriage makes the feeling Bliss Divine;  
Then all our Life long we from scandal rem<sup>ve</sup>;  
And at last fall the Trophies of Honour and Love.

## The Mistress.

Come all ye smiling Loves  
 That grace the Throne of Beauty,  
 Adorn the Verdant Groves  
 Where Charming Celia lies ;  
 Her the Virgins round  
 Pay Homage, Zeal, and Duty ;  
 With Heaven her Face is crown'd,  
 And Fate sits in her Eyes ;  
 A thousand Shepherds wait upon her,  
 Thousands she refuses still,  
 Though at her Feet they lie,  
 And Languish, Pine, and Die.  
 A too, too rigid Point of Honour,  
 Which her Virtue us'st still,  
 Makes wretched all the Plains,  
 And Mourners all the Swains.  
 See where Love's great Monarch goes  
 To watch the dazzling Creature,  
 For fear her Eyes should close,  
 And shroud the Woold in shade ;  
 Possess her with my Woes,  
 Thou mighty God of Nature,  
 Tell her the sweetest Rose  
 The blast of time will face.  
 Inspire her to believe my Passion,  
 And receive the truest Love  
 That ever found a part  
 In any Virgin's Heart :  
 Ah ! tell her, Pridé is out of Fashion,  
 Beauty should divinely prove,  
 Like Heaven, that mercy pays  
 To the meanest wretch that prays.

## Kingston Church.

**S**weet, use your time, abuse your time  
No longer, but be wise ;  
Your Lovers now discover, you  
Have Beauty to be priz'd.

But if y'are coy, you'll lose the Joy,  
So curst will be your Fate ;  
The Flower will fade, you'll die a Maid,  
And mourn your Chance too late.

At thirteen years, and fourteen years  
The Virgin's Heart may range ;  
Twixt fifteen years, and fifty years  
You'll find a wondrous change.

Then while in Tyne, in May and June,  
Let Love and Youth agree ;  
For if you stay till Christmas day,  
The Devil shall woe for me.

## A Scotch Song.

**T**Wa bonny Lads were Sawney and Jockey,  
Blith Jockey was lov'd, but Sawney unlucky :  
Yet Sawney was tall, well favoured, and witty,  
But Ise I' my heart thought Jockey more pretty ;  
For when he view'd me, su'd me, woo'd me,  
Ne'er was Lad so like to undoe me ;  
Fie, fie, cry'd I, yet ready to die,  
Left Jockey should gang, and come no more to me.

Jockey would love, but he wou'd not marry,  
And Ise had a dread lest I should miscarry ;  
For his cunning Tongue with Wit was so gilded,  
That I was afraid my heart would have yielded :  
Daily he Bless'd me, Press'd me, Kiss'd me,  
Left was the hour methought, when he miss'd me ;

Crying.

Crying, Denying, and Sighing I woee him,  
But ah! much ado had I to gang fro him.

But cruel Fate robb'd me of this Jewel,  
For Sawney would make him fight in a Duel;  
And down in a Dale with Cypress surrounded,  
Ah! there to his Death poor Jockey was wounded;  
But when he Threll'd him, Fell'd him, Kill'd him,  
Who can express my Grief, that beheld him?  
Raging I tore my Hair to bind him,  
and Vow'd and Swore I'd ne'er stay behind him.

## To a proud Beauty.

**C**hloe, your Scorn abate, Kind Beams discover,  
Frowns purchase all mens hate, but gain no Lover,  
Nature and Feature design'd you rare,  
But while you are Proud, you are not Fair;  
Nor can the Joys of Passion prove,  
For Pride is still a Foe to Love.

To Courts where Tyrants sway, who'll venture thither?  
Or, who'll put to Sea in stormy Weather?  
Faces and Graces no Lustre own,  
When shaded by disdainful Frown.  
Ne'er to the Sun the Persian had bow'd,  
Had he hid his bright Glories behind a Cloud.

But when the Bottles rowl about, and Glasses,  
Plague on all Intrigues, and Pox on charming Faces,  
But when the Bottles rowl about, and Glasses,  
We know no Disdain, nor value charming Faces.

Let the puny Lover sigh, and whine, and mourn,  
Like a fluttering Drone, or an Insect humming;  
Beauty here we see more bright than any She,  
Never out of Humour, Kind, and always coming.

Celia's

## Celia's Complaint.

**L**ong have I been wounded, but ne'er durst complain,  
Long, long have been flatter'd, yet still hug the  
Long cruel Parents have tortur'd my Love, (Chain,  
And Fate long has strove the dear flame to remove ;  
But still like a Rock, 'gainst the Tide and the Wind,  
I fix, let the Torrent prove ne'er so unkind ;  
And while my Silvander pursues his desire,  
I still bear the Tinder, he carries the Fire.

The Wise my dull Reasons and Morals propose,  
And clog my sick Fancy with Precepts like those ;  
But ah ! how in vain, how vainly they Preach !  
Great Love surmounts all that their Reason can teach.  
Love, the great Agent that Nature employs,  
The God of our Passions, and force of our Joys,  
Without whom we Soul-less and wretched should prove,  
For Mortals are Beasts, till refined by Love.

## Celia's Victory.

**B**east no more, fond Love, thy Power,  
Or thy Passion sweet and sour ;  
But to Celia shew thy Duty,  
Celia sways the World of Beauty ;  
Venus now do's kneel before her,  
And admiring Crowds adore her.

Like the Sun that gilds the morning  
Celia shines, but more adorning ;  
She, like Fate, can wound a Lover,  
Angel-like too, can recover ;  
She can kill or save from Dying,  
When the ravish'd Soul is flying.

Sweeter than the Morning Rose is,  
Whiter than the falling Snow is,  
Than such Eyes the great Creator  
Chose at Lamps to kindle Nature ;

Curſe

## Love Songs.

147

W<sup>z</sup>  
h<sup>z</sup>  
b<sup>z</sup>  
n<sup>z</sup>  
w<sup>z</sup>  
is he that can refuse her,  
Ah, hard Fate ! that I must lose her.

## The Bully.

**R**oom, room for a Man of th' Town,  
That takes delight in Roaring,  
That daily Rambles up and down,  
And spends his Night in Whoring ;  
That for the modish Name of Spark,  
Dares his Companions Ralley,  
Commits a Murther in the Dark,  
Then sneaks into an Alley.

To ev'ry Female that he sees,  
He swears he bears Affection,  
Disdains all Laws, Arrests, or Fees,  
By help of a Protection ;  
At last, intending worser wrongs,  
By some resenting Culley  
He's decently whip't through the Lungs,  
And there's an end of Bulley.

## A New Song.

**A**t the Foot of a Willow, close under a Shade,  
A Young Celion and Silvia one Evening were laid ;  
The Youth pleaded strongly for Fruits of his Love,  
But Honour had forc'd her his Flame to reprove ;  
Where's the Lustre, she crys, when Clouds shade the Sun ?  
Or what is brisk Nectar, the Taste being gone ?  
In Flowers on the Staks sweet Odours do dwell,  
But if gather'd the Rose is, it loses the smell.

Thou fairest of Nymphs, the bold Shepherd reply'd,  
If e'er thou wilt argue, begin on Love's side :  
In matters of State let dull Reason be shown,  
But Love is a Power will be sway'd by his own.  
Nor should a coy Beauty be counted so rare,  
But Scandal can blast both the Chaste and the Fair.

Most

Most fierce are the Joys Love's Allembick doth fill,  
And the Roses are sweetest when put to the Still.

## SONG.

**T**hou art Fair and Cruel too,  
I am amaz'd what I shall do  
To purchase my desire :  
Sometimes thine Eyes do me invite,  
But when I venture kill me quite,  
Yet still in thee's the Fire.

Oft have I thought my Love to quell,  
And try'd its furies to repell,  
Since I no hope can find ;  
But when I think of leaving thee,  
My heart as much does torture me,  
As 'twould rejoice if kind.

Thus have I lov'd, though hardly us'd,  
And when I proffer, I am refus'd,  
Can any suffer more ?  
Be Coy, be Cruel, do thy worst,  
Though for thy sake I am accurst,  
I must and will adore.

## Phillis Unconstant.

**C**lose by a flowing Fountain side  
A youthful Shepherd sat,  
Who, while the Streams did gently glide,  
Complain'd of his hard Fate.

Alas, cry'd he, I am undone !  
Phillis my Joy, is fled,  
And leaves me sorrowful alone  
To weep till I am dead.

Alas ! whoever would have thought  
That she'd unconstant prove ?

## Love Songs.

159

When first I by her Charms was caught,  
I thought no Power above

Could e'er have made her break her Vow,  
Which she to Phœon made;  
But ah! alas, too late I know  
I am in Love betray'd.

I with my Secrets trusted one  
Who did me circumvent,  
And with my Phillis now is gone;  
While here I do lament.

But let 'em go, Grief break my heart,  
Since I no more can pay  
To her, who, by her treach'rous Art,  
Late stole my Heart away.

This said, the Shepherd sigh'd again,  
Which echo'd through the Grove;  
And did his Phillis lost complain,  
Which stony Rocks might move.

But Phillis she did not return,  
Though cruel Nymph, he cry'd;  
And when he could no longer mourn,  
He laid him down, and dy'd.

## The Gardiner.

YOUNG John the Gardiner having lately got  
A very rich and fertile Garden-Plot;  
Bragging to Joan, quoth he, so rich a Ground  
For Pumkins, in the World cannot be found.

That's a damn'd Lye, quoth Joan, for I can tell  
A Place that does your Garden far excell:  
Where's that? says John; 'twixt my Legs, says Joan,  
A Plant well set, will flourish all the Year. (for there  
For if it droop, I suck an Art have got,  
To raise it, that my fertile Garden-Plot

Will

Will soon restore it lively as at first,  
In better Ground no Plant was ever thrusht.

Say'st so, says John, then spe thy gay green Gate,  
I have a choice Cion to inoculate;  
Nay, nay, my Joan, you must not now dispute,  
Let me but graft, and you shall reap the Fruit.

## Good Advice.

**P**HILLIDA, while our tender Age is,  
Nature persuades us to be kind;  
Love, who both Gods and Men engages,  
Unto his Altars bends our minds.

At your resisting he's offended,  
And to revenge him, time and care  
Leaves you to Age, who unbefriended  
Leaves you repenting to Despair.

No more in vain then waste your Beauty,  
And those sweet Treasures I adore;  
To Love and Nature pay your Duty,  
Whilst I your pleasing Charms implore.

Kindly embrace your dear Silvander,  
Press him upon your tender Breast;  
That our kind Souls may gently wander  
On the blest Banks of Happiness.

## The Disappointed Lover.

**A**H Celia! When we lately lov'd,  
Then I enjoy'd your Heart alone;  
And you my Passion too approv'd,  
And call'd me still your Loyal one.

Then equal Flames, and like desires,  
Lay sparkling in each others Eyes;  
And all the Joys that Love inspires,  
Were then the Fuel of my Fires.

There

There was no Care less to embrace,  
At which the Soul can only wonder ;  
For what the Soul thinks no disgrace,  
The Body ne'er shall part assunder.

And who can tell how often we,  
By joining Lips, have Souls exchang'd,  
While Pleasure triumph'd thus to see  
The Exchange so pleasantly reveng'd.

Yet still our Flames were Pure and Chaste,  
As Chaste as are the morning Beams,  
How chanced then they did not last ?  
What fuel fail'd to feed such Flames ?

Oh Celia, Celia ! well thou know'st,  
It was no fault of thine or mine,  
But true, if Lovers must be cross,  
Whenever Love and Fate combine.

Else Love and Fate had diff'rent Aims,  
And Love, to curb Fates envious Power,  
Himself put out those Am'rous Flames  
That he had cherish'd so before.

## SONG.

A H! Cholris, that I now could sit  
As unconcern'd, as when  
Our Infant Beauty could b. get  
No Pleasure, nor no Pain.

When I the Earth w'd to admire,  
And praise the coming Day,  
I little thought the growing Fire  
Must take my Rest away.

Your Charms in harmless Childhood lay,  
Like Metals in the Mine ;  
Age from no Face took more away  
Than Youth conceal'd in thine.

But

But as your Charms insensibly  
To their Perfections prest ;  
And Love as unperceiv'd did fly,  
And in my Bosome rest.

My Passion with your Beauty grew,  
And Cupid at my Heart,  
Still as his Mother favoured you,  
Threw a new flaming Dart.

Each glory'd in their wanton part,  
To make a Lover, be  
Employ'd the utmost of his Art,  
To make a Lover, she.

Though now I slowly bend to Love,  
Uncertain of my Fate,  
If your fair Self my Claims approve,  
I shall my Freedom bate.

Lovers, like dying Men, may well  
At first disorder'd be ;  
Since none alive can truly tell  
What Fortune they shall see.

### The O. W. L.

**T**Hou grief of my Heart, and thou Pearl of my Eyes,  
D'on Flannel Petticoat quickly, and rise ;  
And from thy resplendent Window discover  
A Face that would mortifie any young Lover ;  
For I, like great Jove, transformed do Woe (whoo.  
Like an amorous Owl, to whit to whoo, to whit to  
A Lover, Ads-zuz, is a sort of a Tool,  
That of all things you best may compare to an Owl ;  
For in some dark shades he delights still to sit,  
And all the Night long he cries, whoo to whit :  
Then rise, my bright Celia, and d'on thy Slip-shoe,  
And hear thy fond Owl chant, Whit to whoo, whit  
(to whoo.  
General

## General RULES for Behaviour and Genteel Conversation.

A Sprightful Conversation, and cleanly Manners, are Accomplishments exceeding useful for every one that intends not to withdraw himself into a Solitary Retirement, but to spend his Days among Persons of Policy and refined Society : For People are to frame and compose themselves and their Accounts, not according to their own private Will and Fancy, but according to the most polished Examples and Precepts of those among whom it is their Lot to live. Not that they are to resign their Freedom however to employ Dictate, but without affecting singularity, it may behove them to yield a ready Compliance in things indifferent, still retaining a due respect to their own just Liberty.

To this purpose we are to avoid all such things as annoy the Senses.

And therefore it is ridiculous for any one to Sing, especially if their Voices be untunable, or that there are none to hear a part, or if they be not desired to shew their Skill.

Some there are, who when they Cough or Sneeze, do it with so shrill and forced a Sound, that they pierce the Heads of the Standers-by, and many times without turning away, bespatter the Faces of them they discourse with.

Others when they Yawn, make as rude a Noise as a Dog when he howls ; and tho' they gape as wide as their Mouths can stretch, will be endeav-

ring to continue their Talk after an inarticulate Fashion, which are things very unseemly and displeasing to the Eye, as well as the Ear.

Frequent Yawning intimates the Person to be Tired and Surfeited with his Company.

Nor is it a thing less uncomely, when a Man has blown his Nose, to look into, and rub his Handkerchief as if some Pearl or Ruby had dropt out of his Nose.

At Table it is very uncomely for People to grease themselves up to the Elbows, and make their Napkins look like Dish-clouts, and yet after that they are not ashamed to blow their Noses upon them, and sometimes to wipe off the Sweat from their Faces; therefore every one must take heed that he do not so bedaub his Fingers as to dirty his Napkin; as being then loathsome to all that look upon it.

Nor is it handsome to break Bread into small Morsels, or Crumble it to Pieces.

Attendants at Table are by no means to scratch or rub their Heads, or any other part of their Body, in sight of their Master when at Meat; nor to hide their Hands in their Bosome or behind their Backs, but to let them be in open view, neat and clean. And when they serve up Meat to the Table, or give a Glass of Drink to any one, they must be very cautious of Spitting and Coughing, but much more of Sneezing, which breeds a Jealousie that some Nastiness may have happened into what they eat or drink.

When you take a Toast or roasted Apple from the Fire, 'tis unseemly to blow away the Ashes, there being never any Wind without some Water; but rather shake or wipe them off with a clean Cloth.

Altogether as unmannerly is it, for a Man to wet his

his Fore-finger in his Mouth, and dip it in the Salt, and then to lick it off again, as being the quickest way to relish his Palate.

Nor is it handsome for a Man to reach his Napkin to another, under pretence that 'tis cleaner than his, for thereby he apprehends his own to be foul.

Nor is it decent, when one man is discoursing with another, to approach so near as to breath in his mouth.

It is repugnant to good Manners, for Men to compose themselves to Sleep in a place where they are met for Society; which shews they little value the Discourse, or the Company.

For Men to draw out their Scissors, or Pen knife to clip or pare their Nails, or pick their Teeth, or cleanse their Ears in Company, are Indelicacies, not allowable in good Behaviour.

Some are so ridiculous as to pull out several Letters out of their Pockets, and first read one, then another, not forgetting so to order the Business, that others shall be sure to read the Superscriptions; as if they would have themselves thought either to be Men of Business, or to be mightily courted for their Merit.

Others, while they are Discoursing with their Friends, make scurvy Faces, or shrug their Shoulders while the other is talking, as if they heard with a Disgust. Others are continually striking you with their Hand or Staff, or jogging, or pushing you with their Elbows, and crying out ever and anon, Is not this true, Sir? Have I not hit it? What do ye think on't, Sir? As to Apparel, it best becomes all sort of People, when they appear in Publick, to be decently Clad in all Respects, according to his Age, and the Quality of his Condition, and the Custom of the Place where he lives: For they

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that otherwise do, seem to affect a singularity displeasing to most.

Some People there are, who take great delight to make the whole Company dance attendance upon them, for which they never leave troubling them with impertinent Apologies ; so that when the Table is covered, and People are ready to sit down, they have always some extraordinary Business to dispatch. These are never contented unless they be lookt upon as the prime Persons, and in all Particulars preferred ; they must sit uppermost, have the first Seat, the softest Bed, all must wait upon them, or the whole House shall be put out of Order.

Others are always Chafing and Brauling with their own Servants, whereby they shew the Imperiousness of their Nature, which would be domineering at a higher rate, were their Power equal to their Desire.

We are not to lay Men in the Ballance of our own strict apprehension, or prejudiced Fancy, and then undertake to tell how much they weigh, and what they are worth ; but all must be allowed some Grains of Candour and kind Construction.

Therefore, 'tis a poor and low spirited trick, to accuse one that is not present to answer for himself, and an instance of no small Indiscretion ; for if we cannot commend others, Prudence enjoins us to be silent, seeing we create a Jealousie in those that hear us, that we deal after the same rigid manner with them too : It being true, that he who sells his Brother's Credit at a low rate, makes the Market for another to buy his at the same rate.

When we are among our Fellow-Companions, whom we desire to please, we should not do any thing that favours of a domineering Spirit, and our Actions and Gestures ought to carry along with them

them manifest Tokens of Respect and Kindness : Therefore the Chiding, and much more the Chastising of Servants, as being an Exercise of Authority and Jurisdiction, is to be forborn before them to whom we bear Respect or Honour ; besides that, it molests Company, and interrupts Discourse. If you cannot help being vexed and troubled, yet dissemble it while you are at Dinner, or otherwise in Company with Equals or Superiors ; for generally you invite them to be merry, not to partake of Austerities, that nothing concern them ; not forgetting this, that where you find one Person discomposed, you shall observe all the rest affected with it.

Neither does it become those that are Guests to be Rustical and Clownish, or inaccessible and reserved, but to demean themselves with an open and unrestrained Familiarity, as though they belonged to the same Dwelling : and therefore they are extremely to blame, that frown upon, and brow-beat all that approach them, and never vouchsafe them one gracious Smile, that are always full of contradictions, and will not endure harmless Jests, and innocent Mirth.

Much like these are they who addict themselves to Melancholy and Thoughtfulness, when they are in Company, and sit musing in a dull Posture with folded Arms, regardless of any thing pronounced to them, though urged over and over, with more than usual Importunity.

Of the same stamp, are they who are of a Squeamish Temper, and take Exceptions upon every frivolous occasion ; which is a Humor only for women and the most pitiful sort of men to be guilty of.

In familiar Discourse, Men transgress either in the Matter, when it is either impertinent, profane, or false ; for no sober Auditours will give ear to such stuff.

Neither

152 General Rules for Behaviour, &c.

Neither is it proper at Meals to molest the Company with Philosophical Subtleties, and hot Disputes; for it shews a turbulent and unquiet Disposition, and is fitter for a School than a Dining-Room.

A man must also carefully abstain from mentioning those things, which are likely to put another out of Countenance, or to turn to their Disgrace or Disadvantage. It being a good Proverb, That a man must never speak of a Hater in his House, whose Father was hang'd.

Nor is it fitting to talk Lasciviously and Obscenely, to tickle the Fancy, and get into the Fancy of great Men.

But above all, Blasphemous and Atheistical Discourse is to be avoided. For 'tis dangerous to play with a flaming Sword, to run merrily upon a Cannon's mouth; but more dangerous to attempt the unthroning of the Almighty, and unpardonable to Droll away the hopes of future Bliss, and to adventure the losing of Heaven rather than an unprofitable Jest.

Nor does he that prates dishonourably of Sacred things, merit punishment, merely for being a Platonick Lover of Wickedness, but because he sheweth himself to be an ill bred Clown to boot, in regard his Language grates the Ears of all good Men, and forces them to break Society.

Never let the Irregularities and Vices of your own Life be the Subject of your Discourse; for men detest in others those Vices which they cherish in themselves.

No less unfit it is to talk of things which suit not with the Season, nor the Company: Among old Women to talk of Nuptials and Dancing; or of the Gaities of Court among Peasants and Plough-men, or to tell doleful Tragedies at a Wedding.

Nor

is it less indiscreet to be continually babbling in  
commendation of his Wife and Children. *Is not  
Wife a lovely Woman? She has wit at Will  
in my Word. Did you ever see in all your Life  
a prettier Boy than mine?*

No less troublesome are they, who are continu-  
vexing the Company with the recitation of  
their Dreams; a sort of Nonsense, burthensome to  
the understanding Part of the World.

But far more intolerable than these are they  
who make it their busines to forge untruths, and  
tell stories as well of themselves as others, merely  
because it pleases their humour; like those De-  
vices that carouse whole Flaggons, not to quench  
first, but out of an immoderate Love to the Li-  
bitor. Thus are some Persons so notoriously ad-  
dicted to this unsociable Vice of Lying, that their  
friends are afraid to propound any Question to  
them, least they should give them the opportunity  
of speaking an Untruth.

These, of all the Company in the World, are  
most useless, because they break the Bonds of  
Society, Belief, and consequently no profit can be  
made of their Discourse.

Let no Man innocently brag of his Nobility, his  
honour, of his Wealth, or Wisdom, and as many  
rehearse their Pedigrees and Titles, nor enter-  
tain their Friends with long Stories of their Ancestors,  
it is no Credit to be well Born, unless a Man  
be well Manner'd too; and he that has nothing  
but Extraction and Titles to set him forth, is no  
better than his Great Grand-Father's Tomb.  
Bountiful Fortunes, if not well managed, are but  
shares and Incumbrances; for Money is the Parent  
of all absurd Actions, betraying Men into several  
Miscarrages, which they would not otherwise have  
the opportunity to commit.

Nor is a Man, on the other side, too much lessen his own Merit, nor to stoop to so did descensions, by undervaluing himself beyond measure, and refusing those Honours and Commendations, which without all question are their due: There is no Virtue, but a Vice opposed to Humanity, the Defect, as Arrogancy in the Excess; for to reject a deserved Character, and to refuse Dignities out of a seeming lowliness of Mind, and Contempt of the World, and to endeavour privately to obtain them, is a peice of Falshood and arrogant Humanity, not to be endured.

Though on the other side, not to esteem Glory and Honour, so universally Prized, and at so high a Value, is but to put a Contempt upon those who confer it, and to have an Opinion of a Man's self above all Mankind: And therefore, the most safe and prudent way is to walk in the midst, between the two Extremes, neither too superbly to boast what we have, nor yet to speak too dwindlingly of our selves.

Again, There is another Fault among Men, when any Question is propounded to them, they cannot forbear fumbling with their Buttons, nor to suffer themselves to be overcome with an unseasonable Shamefacedness, so as to talk timorously and nebble to and frow, as if they were in pain; after all which, the Fit being over, they begin with a tedious Preface, and many impertinent Apologies for their want of Skill, and the weakness of their Judgment; by which they detain the Company, and delay the time with frivolous Preambles, which while they were making they might have solved the Doubt, or at least given their Sentiments of it in a quarter of the time.

But the most pernicious Abuse of the Tongue is Flattery; 'tis the Destruction of all the noble

signs of Friendship and Conversation; 'tis the Treachery of Love, the tickling a Man into a swoon, and hugging him to Death. Calumny in comparison of this, is a perfect Antidote; for he that flanders a Man gives him warning to stand upon his Guard, and to furnish himself with all Weapons and Instruments of Defence he can think of; but Flattery fills us with Wind and Corruption till we burst; he that reviles a Man perhaps may call him Fool; but he that flatters him does his endeavour to make him so. A Parasite is the veriest Slave alive, a perfect Votary to the Humour, and a Pander to the Lust of him whom he flatters: He has nothing he can properly call his own, since all his Faculties and Passions, his Appetites and Desires, his Words, Actions, Gestures, Behaviours, are entirely devoted to the Service, if not the Ruin of his pretended Idol.

In points of Ceremonies and Complements, we are first to have regard to the Country wherein we live; for that all Customs do not equally agree with the Constitution of every Nation, but as the Lineaments of the Face, and Conceptions of the Mind are various, so are their Manners and Deportments likewise.

In the next place, we must have regard to the Occasion, Age and Condition, both of him toward whom we exercise these Ceremonies, as also of our particular Selves.

When we meet with Men who are busied with pressing Affairs, we are not to detain them with frivolous Complements, but to break off with all speed, and only speak our Minds in dumb Signs. Neither are Mechanicks, nor Men of mean Rank to use either many, or very solemn Addresses to great Personages; such Persons expecting from such sort of People, Obedience rather than Formality.

In a few Words then, in relation to Ceremonies and Complements; a Man must Act like a Taylor in making Cloths; who Cuts and Pares away, and fits them to the Body, so that they are something too beg, rather than too little, and yet not so wide or ill fashioned, as to fit like a Sack; if any Man be Fantastick, or Profuse in Ceremonies toward Superiours, every one will point at him for a vain Idle Fellow: Nay, perhaps he may be looked upon as a flattering Companion. On the other side, if he bettow them with a handsome distance upon Inferiours, he shall be stiled Humble and Courteous: If in Decent proper Time upon Equals, he shall be Esteemed a well bred Person. In short, he that Treats Men ingeniously, and Converses kindly with them, gets great Advantage at the rate of a trifling and easie Expence.

More particularly, It is not Gentle for a Man to fill his Discourse with the Misfortunes and sharp Censures of the Persons and Actions of other Men; seeing that no discreet Person can value the Acquaintance of him who is Uncharitable or Severe; because he may well believe such a Man will not spare to report the same things, or worse of him behind his Back.

Some have a prefidious Trick to ruin a Man by Commendations, and to praise in small things, that they may disparage successfully in greater.

Some have a Itch upon them to oppose almost every thing that is asserted, and an extraordinary Affection to dispute of difficult and unnecessary Arguments, without observing any difference of Sealon or Company; which is one of the most ridiculous Follies in the World. Nor is it any thing more commendable to lay Wagers upon every turn; for they frequently beget Quarrels, and

contribute nothing toward the Solution of the Doubt. But if a Man be invited by a fair Opportunity to a Dispute, let him be careful to manage his Discourse ingeniously, and to sweeten it with gentleness and Moderation; not setting upon the Opponent with an eager Appetite, as if you meant to eat him up at a Mouthful.

Neither let any Man be severe in Correcting the light Faults of others, when they themselves are guilty of such as more deserve to be reproached.

Mock no Man, though he be your greatest Enemy; for it is possible you may wound him deeper with your Tongue, than if you should strike him with your Sword: And this infallibly demonstrates your contempt of him, for that when your Jeer and put him to the Blush, you intend no profit, but pleasure by it; and it is hugely Immodest and Ignoble to delight in confounding another, and exposing him to Scorn and Laughter.

Not that Jesting and Drollery are too morose, and utterly to be Condemned, but only to be bounded within their due Limits; and therefore let no Man's Deformities or Imperfections, be the Subject of such Discourse.

Neither let any Man Droll upon the Persons or Practices of Superiours, as being both Saucy and Dangerous.

Neither let any Man make a Jest of Serious Matters, whether they be Civil or Divine.

In the next place, observe a distinction of Persons and Times, and other Circumstances; for some People are so Waspish, that they will not endure the softest Touch, and that will be taken well to day, which will be reputed a Scoff, and ill taken to Morrow.

It is uncivil, when a Man is discoursing with another, to fix his Eyes steadily upon him, as if he

ment to put him out of Countenance, and to trample upon his Modesty; and as ungenteel it is, when you sit at Table, to scratch any part of the Body.

When the Cloth is taken away, it is very unbecoming to pull a Case of Instruments out of a Man's Pocket, as if he were going to shew some Legerde-main Tricks.

Nor is it a point of good Manners by any Sign or Gesture, to express an extraordinary Satisfaction in the Meat and Drink; to wish you had a Crane's Neck, or to hold up the Glass, and view how briskly the Wine looks; or to sip and smack, and taste every drop; for such a Custom befits none but Vintners, Parasites and Epicures.

Nor is it commendable to urge the Guests to eat, in Language like this, *Come pray, the other Bit; Shall I help you? Lord! you have no Stomach, you eat nothing, you do not like your Entertainment.* For though this testifies your care of them, yet it is an Intrenchment upon their Liberty.

Nor is it convenient to be over-forward to carve for another, unless he be of an inferiour Rank, or sits at too great a Distance; to drink to others, and earnestly solicit them to pledge in larger Bowls, is an excessive piece of Rudeness.

The

*The School of Bacchus ; or, The Art of Drinking ; taught by a most learned Method.*

THE Eighth Liberal Science is called, *The Art of Drinking.*

The Professors thereof call a House where a green Garland, or perhaps a painted Hoop is hanged out, *A College.*

Where there is Lodging, Horse-meat, and Man's meat, *an Inns of Court.*

Where nothing is sold but Ale and Tobacco, *a Grammar School.*

*A Red Lettice, a Free School.*

The Degrees obtained in this School, are these :

*A Fat corpulent Fellow, a Master of Arts.*

*A Lean Drunkard, a Batcheler.*

He that has a purple Face, enchas'd with Rubies, *a Batcheler of Law.*

He that has a Red Nose, and goes to School by Six in the Morning, and gets his Lesson perfectly by Eleven, him they call a *Pregnant.*

Now if he Studies the English Tongue, he drinks ————— *Beer.*

If the Dutch, ————— *Ale.*

If the Spanish, ————— *Sack.*

If the Italian, ————— *Bastard.*

If the German, ————— *Rhenish.*

If the Irish, ————— *Usquebaugh.*

If the Welsh, ————— *Metheglin.*

If Latin, \_\_\_\_\_ *Alicans.*  
 If Greek, \_\_\_\_\_ *Muscadel.*  
 If Hebrew, \_\_\_\_\_ *Hippocras.*

The Books studied, are of 3 Old Translations:

*The Tankard.*

*The Black-Jack.*

*The Quart-Pot Ribb'd.*

Those of the New Translation

*The Mug,*

*The Beaker,*

*The fingle-Can, or Black-Pot.*

The Professors of this Art employ themselves in these following Studies:

He that weeps in his Cups when he is maudling-Drunk, Studies \_\_\_\_\_ *Hydromancy.*

He that Laughs and Talks much, studies *Natural Philosophy.*

He that gives good Counsel, \_\_\_\_\_ *Morality.*

He that builds Castles in the Air, --- *Metaphysicks.*

He that sings in his Drink, \_\_\_\_\_ *Musick.*

He that disgorges his Stomach, \_\_\_\_\_ *Physick.*

He that brags of his Travels, \_\_\_\_\_ *Cosmography.*

He that Rimes *Extempore*, or speaks Play-Speeches. \_\_\_\_\_ *Poetry.*

He that cries *Huzza-Boys*, is a, \_\_\_\_\_ *Rhetorician.*

He that calls his Fellow Drunkard, is a --- *Logician.*

He that proves his Argument by a Pamphlet, or a Ballad, is a \_\_\_\_\_ *Grammarian.*

He that rubs off his Score, with his Elbow, Hat, or Cloak, an \_\_\_\_\_ *Arithmetician.*

He that knocks his Head against a Post, and looks up to the Sky, an \_\_\_\_\_ *Astrologer*

He that reels from one side of the Chanel to the other, a \_\_\_\_\_ *Geometrician.*

He that falls into a Ditch or Chanel, a -- *Navigator.*

He

He that loses himself in his discourse, a ---- *Mooter*.

He that Brawls and Wrangles in his Cups, a  
Barister.

He that loves to drink in hugger - Mugger, a  
Bench.

He that drinks to all comers, a ---- *Young Student*.

He that drinks upon trust, a *Merchant Adventurer*.

He that has nothing but Complements in his Wine,  
a Civilian.

He that drinks and forgets to whom is said to Study  
the Art of Memory.

*Places of Dignity usurp'd from other Courts.*

He that puts his Friend into a Tavern by force, is  
called a Sergeant.

He that Quarrels with his Hostess, and calls her  
Whore, Puts in his Declaration.

He that is silent in his Cups, is said to Demur.  
to the Plaintiff.

He that engrosseth all the talk to himself, — Fore-  
(Man of the Fury.

He that with his loud Talk deafens all the Com-  
pany, Cryer of the Court.

He that takes upon him to pay the Reckoning,  
Pronounces Judgment.

He that wants Money while the other pays, is  
Quiet by Proclamation

He that gives his Host a Bill of his Hand, is  
Saved by his Clergy.

He that is so free, that he will pledge all Comes  
Attorney General.

He that wears a Night-Cap, as having been Sick of  
a Surfeit, Sergeant of the Coif.

He that is observed to be Drunk but once a Week.  
Ordinary Pursuivant.

He that takes his Rouse freely but once a Month.  
Under-Sheriff.

He that healths it but once a quarter, — *Justice of*

————— (the Quorum.

He that takes his Rouse but once a year, — *Judge*

————— ( of the Court.

They have also other Officers as well  
Civil as Martial.

*The Civil are thus reckoned.*

He that is unruly in his Drink, swaggers, flings  
Pots and Drawers down Stairs, and beats the  
Fidler, is —— *Major Domo, or Grand Steward*

He that cuts down Signs and Bushes, *Mr. Comptroller.*

He that can win the Favour of his Hostess Daughter,  
————— *Principal Secretary.*

He that stands upon his strength, and begins new  
Healths, —— *Master of the Ceremonies.*

He that first begins new Frolics, —— *Master.*  
————— ( of the Novelties.

He that wants Money, and Pawns his Cloak.  
————— ( *Master of the Wardrobe.*

He that calls for Rashers, Oysters, and Anchovies,  
or any sort of Diet —— *Clark of the Kitchin.*

He that talks much, and speaks Nonsense, —— *a Proctor.*

He that tells tedious and long Tales, —— *a Register.*

He that takes the Talk out of another Man's Mouth  
————— *a Publick Notary.*

*Their Martial Preferments.*

He that drinks in his Boots and Spurs, —— *Colonel*  
————— ( of a Regiment.

He that drinks in his Silk-Stockings, and Garters.  
————— ( *Captain of a Foot-Company.*

He that flings pottle and quart down Stairs, —— *Mar-*  
————— ( *shal of the Field.*

He

of He that calls first in the Company for a Looking-  
glas ————— Camp-Master.  
m. He that washes the Faggots by Pissing in the Chim-  
ney, ————— Corporal of the Field.  
dge. He that Thunders in the Room, and beats the  
ut. Drawer, ————— Drum-Major.  
ell He that looks Red, and colours in his Cups, —————  
—— Ensign Bearer.  
ngs He that thrusts himself into Company, and hangs  
he upon others, ————— Gentleman of the Pikes.  
rd He that keeps Company, and has but two Pence  
r. to spend, ————— a Landspreade.  
h. He that Pockets up Gloves, Knives and Handker-  
y. chiefs, ————— Sutler.  
w. He that drinks Three days together without re-  
s. spire, ————— an old Soldier.  
s. He that swears and lies in his drink, ————— an Intelligencer.

*Their Sea Employments.*

He that Spews in his next Neighbour's Lap, —— Ad-  
—— (miral of the Narrow- Seas.  
He that Pisses under the Table —— Vice, Admirall.  
He that is flaw'd before the rest, —— Master of a Ship.  
He that is second Drunk, —— Master's-Mate.  
He that slovenly spills his Liquor upon the Table, —— Swabber.  
He that steals his Liquor, Pirate of the Narrow Seas.  
He that is suddenly taken with the Hiccough, —— Master Gunner.  
He that is still Smoaking with a Pipe at his Nose, —— Cook.  
He that Belches, or Farts much, —— Trumpeter.

*Their several Hands.*

He that learns Secretary calls for Six Shilling Beer  
He

He that desires to write a fair Roman, calls for  
 ————— ————— ————— Charnico.  
 He that would practice Court-hand, ————— Canary.  
 He that would write Chaneery, calls for three  
 Horns of ————— ————— ————— Bragget.  
 He that would be perfect in Chequer, begins with  
 a draught of the Wool-Sack, ————— Ale or Beer.  
 He that cannot see the way out of the Library,  
 must call for a Legible hand to read, which is a  
 Cup of ————— ————— ————— Sack.

### Their Penal Statutes, Forfeitures, and Writs.

**N**O Man ought to call a Good-fellow Drunkard: But if at any time he sees any defect in his Neighbour, he may without a Forfeit say, he is flaw'd, Fluster'd, Cup shot, Cut i'th' Leg or Back, he has seen the French King, he has swallowed a Hare or a Tavern-token, he has Whipt the Cat, he makes Indentures, he has bit his Grandam, he is bit by a Barn-Weesel, and the like.

For the Breach of which, issues out divers Writs.

The first is a ————— ————— ————— Subſtaena.  
 The Second an ————— ————— ————— Exigent.  
 The third, if he be Peremptory, a ————— Capias.  
 The Fourth, not to be avoided, a ————— Fieri Facias.  
 If the Liquor do not please, there goes out a  
 ————— ————— ————— Melius Inquirendum.

### Several other Offences and Writs.

He that presses into the Room without Leave,  
 a ————— ————— ————— Forcible Entry.  
 If he be admitted, he then Pleads by a Writ cal-  
 led, ————— ————— ————— Libertate Probanda.

If he go out of the Room, and pay not for what he called in, a \_\_\_\_\_ *Ne exeat Regno.*  
If he begins to stagger, two cups is an---*Attachment.*  
If he chance to fall under the Table, a *Binding process.*  
If he be drousie, and offer to Sleep in the Room, an \_\_\_\_\_ *Habeas Corpus.*  
If he be dead drunk, a \_\_\_\_\_ *Capias Ut/lagatum.*  
If any cease to Drink, and falls to Whisper, a \_\_\_\_\_ *Writ of Conspiracy.*  
If any unruly Drunkard chance to be Kickt out of the Room, an \_\_\_\_\_ *Excommunicatio Capienda.*  
If he be suffered to stay with good Leave, ---*Dedi* \_\_\_\_\_ *(mus Potestatem*  
If any one hides his Head for the Reckoning, a \_\_\_\_\_ *Latitat.*  
If a Man sit till he be fetch'd home by his Wife, a \_\_\_\_\_ *Quo Warranto,*  
If he drink from Morning till Sun-set, a ---*Diem* \_\_\_\_\_ *(Clausit Extremum.*

### *Titles proper for the Young Scholars.*

He that makes himself a Laughing-stock to the whole Company, \_\_\_\_\_ *Tenant in fee-simple.*  
He that will bezzel his Hostess behind the Door, \_\_\_\_\_ *Tenant in Tail Special*  
He that Kisses all comers in, *Tenant in Tail General*  
He that is three parts Fox'd, and will be Kissing, \_\_\_\_\_ *Tenant in Tail after possibility of issue Extinct.*  
He that is permitted to take a Nap, ---- *Tenant by* \_\_\_\_\_ *(the courtesie of England,*  
If two or three Women meet Twice or Thrice a Week to take a Gossips-Cup, they are--*Tenants* \_\_\_\_\_ *(in Dowre.*  
He that has the disposing of a Donative among the Society! \_\_\_\_\_ *Tenant in Frank Almonage.* He

He whose head is heavier than his Heels, holds  
\_\_\_\_\_  
in Capite.

He whose Heels are heavier than his Head, holds  
\_\_\_\_\_  
in Soccage.

All Gentlemen, Drunkards, Scholars and Soldiers,  
holds, \_\_\_\_\_ in Knights Service.

He that drinks nothing but Sack and Aqua-vitæ,  
holds by \_\_\_\_\_ Grand Serjeantry

He that drinks uncovered — Tenders his Homage.

He that humbles himself to drink on his Knee,  
holds by \_\_\_\_\_ Does his Fealty.

He that drinks only Ale and Beer, holds by  
\_\_\_\_\_  
Petit Serjeantry,

He that haunts Taverns or Ale-houses, when he  
first comes of Age \_\_\_\_\_ Pays his Relief.

He that has sold and Mortgaged all his Land  
\_\_\_\_\_  
Sues for his Legacy.

He whose Wife goes with him to the Ale-house,  
is \_\_\_\_\_ a Free-holder.

He that Articles with his Hostess about the Reck-  
oning \_\_\_\_\_ a Copy-holder.

He whose wife uses to fetch him home Tenant at will.

He that supports himself by a Wall or Post, holds  
by the \_\_\_\_\_ Verge.

### *Customs to be observed.*

Not to drink to any Man while a Woman is in  
presence.

Not to drink to the Drawer or Tapster, upon  
pain of drinking twice.

To keep the first Man, and know to whom you  
Drink.

To have a care you see your self Pledged.

That you see the Health go round.

*At a Parliament of Women, held at the Fleece in Covent-Garden, in the Year 6665; being a Year Famous for many Strange Transactions, and among the rest, for the Statutes following.*

*Imprimis.* **T**hat he who has no other Worth to commend him, but a good Suit of Cloths, shall not presume to Wooo a Lady in his own behalf, but shall be allowed to carry the Hieroglyphick of his Friend's Affection.

*Item.* That no foul-fac'd Lady shall adventure to Rail at her that is fairer, because she is more Beautiful; nor shall seek by black Calumny to darken her Fame, unless she be her Corrival.

*Item.* That no Man shall entitle himself to the matchless Name of a Friend, that Loves upon Condition, unless he be a School-Master.

*Item.* That no Lady who modestly keeps her House, for want of good Cloths to Visit her Gossips, shall profess Contempt of the World's Vanity, unless she sees no hopes of the Tyde's turning.

*Item,* That no Bankrupt Knight, who to set up Shop again becomes a Parasite, or Buffoon, to a great Lord, shall never after swear by his honour, but by his Knight-hood he may.

*Item.* That no Lady that uses to Paint, shall find fault with the Painter, that has not Counterfeited her Picture fair enough, unless she will acknowledge her self to be the better Counterfeiter.

*Item.* That no Man, whose vain Love has been rejected by a Vertuous Lady, shall report that he has refused and cast her off, unless he will patiently endure to be well Cudgelled for his pains.

*Item.* That no Lady shall Court her Looking-Glass, above one hour in a Day, unless she profess to be an Engineer.

*Item.* That all Maids, that are over-enamoured of themselves, and think others so too, shall be bound to carry off Bird-lime at their Backs, and to Spin at the Barn door to catch Fools.

*Item.* That he that Swears when he loses his Money at Dice, shall challenge his Damnation by way of Purchase.

*Item.* That no Lady that sits simpering for want of Wit, shall be accounted Modest.

*Item.* That no Fellow, that begins a Discourse with a Woman, and wants Wit to Encounter her, shall think he has redeemed his Credit, by putting her to Silence with some Lascivious Discourse, unless he wear White for Winter, and Green for Summer.

*Item.* That no Woman that remains Constant for want of Assault, shall be accounted Chaste.

*Item.* That she that respects the good Opinion of others, beyond the being good in her self, shall not refuse the Name of a Hypocrite; and she that employs all her time in Working gaudy Trapplings for her self, the Name of a Spider; and she that makes it her only Enquiry among her Gossips, for new Fashions, shall not refuse a Stitcher for her second Husband.

Item, He that has reported a Lady to be Vertuous, for which he professes to love her, yet underhand commences a base Suit, and is disdained, shall not presently upon this Blow, which his own Vice has given, out of Policy rail against her; but to his Friend in private he may say, That his Judgment was blinded by her cunning Disguise, and that he finds her wavering in Goodness, and so in time he may openly profess to be her Enemy, but yet so discreet a one as if he were loth to bring his Judgment into Question; giving out withal, That he would not say so much of the Lady, but that he prefers Truth, even out of his own reach.

### Paradoxes.

A Knight of the Long Robe, is more Honourable than a Knight made in the Field: For Furs are dearer than Spurs.

A Prisoner is the best Fencer: For he always lies at the close Ward.

Burghermasters and Sheriffs ought not to wear Fur-Gowns at Midsummer: For they may bring in the Sweating-Sickness.

A Cut-Purse is the surest Trade: For his Work is no sooner done, but his Money is in his Hand.

'Tis better to Marry a Widow than a Maid: For the Case is plain.

If a Woman with Child long to lie with another Man, her Husband must let her: For if he will not, she will do it without him.

A painted Lady befits a Captain: For he may fight under his Wife's Colours.

Rich Widows were ordained for Younger Brothers: For they being Born to no Land, must Plough in other Men's Soils.

'Tis

"Tis dangerous to marry a Widow, because she is one that has cast her Rider.

She that marries a Man of Fourscore, need not fear but that she may abstain from Flesh twice a Week.

A dangerous Secret is most safely kept in a Woman's Bosom ; for no Man will search for it there.

A Woman that speaks several Languages. is an admirable thing ; for a Starling that can prate, is a Present for a King.

A fair Woman's Neck should always stand awry ; for so she stands as if she lookt for a Kiss,

The best and neatest Bodies should wear the meanest Habits ; for gaudy Hangings were made to hide bare Walls.

"Tis more safe to be Drunk with the Hop, than with the Grape ; for a Man ought to be more inward with his Country-men, than with a Stranger.

Taverns are more requisite than Schools ; for it is better the Multitude should be Loving than Learned.

Wealth is better than Wit ; for few Poets have had the Fortune to be chosen Aldermen.

A nimble Page is more useful for a Lady than a long Gentleman-Usher ; for a Sparrow is more Active than a bald Buzzard.

"Tis better to be a Coward than a Captain ; for a Goose lives longer than a Captain.

*Several*

---

*Several Sorts of News from several  
Parts.*

---

*From Bedlam.*

THat the madness of Love is to be sick of one part, and to be cured by another. The madness of Jealousie is, that it is so diligent, yet always hopes to lose its labour. That every Man a little beyond himself, is a Fool. That Affectation is a more rediculous part of Folly than Affection. That the Souls of Women and Lovers are wrapt in the Portmanteau of their Senses.

*From the Country.*

THat the means of begetting Man has more increased the World than the End. That a Justice of the Peace is the only Relick of Idolatry. That next to no Wife and Children, your own are the best Pastime: Another's Wife and your Children worse: Your Wife and another's Children worst of all.

*From Sea.*

THat it is nothing so Intricate and Troublesome to Rig a Ship as a Woman, and the deeper either are fraught, the apter they are to leak; and that to Pump the one, and put the other to Confession, are alike equally noisome. They tell us farther, That Expedition is every where else to be brib'd but at Sea,

*From*

## From the Island of Passion.

**A** Ship arriving from the Port of *Good-hope*, brings Tidings, that the People were up in Arms in the City of *Love*, the Metropolitan of the Island; and that after they had made themselves Masters of the *Citidel*, of *Reason*, the Fortifications and Magazines of which they had Burnt, they had constrained the *Governour Discretion* to retire to the *Tower of Jealousie*. Farther, That the Women, in imitation of their Husbands, having taken Arms in like manner, and having Besieged the *Governour* in his *Forr*, had forced him to Surrender upon Composition, and consent not only to Demolish the *Tower*, but also that the Fortress of *Vertue*, an Ancient Building, situated upon a Rock, should likewise be pulled down, to the end they might Build another after their own Model, upon a Level.

## From the City of Beauty, the 18th of the Month Obligation.

**T**HE Parliament sat down the Third of this Month, at what time Monsieur *Tittle-Tatle*, the Speaker, made a Speech, filled with Verses and fine Thoughts. The Sieur *Allurement* returned him an Answer with that softness, with which he was very well satisfied: And promised him, that the City should furnish him with a Million and half of Glances for the War against the *Rellians* Hearts, and should moreover raise a Regiment of Charms for the service of *Love*.

'Tis believed, that before the Estates rise, that Monsieur *Tittle-Tatle* will settle an Office of *Billet-Deux*

Doix, a Tax of a Thousand Kisses a Day, for a Thousand Lips that he intends for the Garrison.

From the Country of the Great Duke. the  
14th. of the Month of Absence.

They report, That this Country is very much Alarmed upon the March of General Interest, who Advances forward with an Army of Forty Thousand Transports in Disguise, and a great Number of Engines and Fire-works. Love that follows with a great Body of Forced Desires, has emptied his Garrisons of Obligations and Affiduities, which he had in the Cities of the Province of Fair Cheeks and Merit. Having abandoned them to the Infidels, who have made themselves Masters of them, who after they had Plundered them, were marched towards Great Dowry, intending to lay Siege as well to that as the first of Interest, both at a time.

From the Camp before Cruelty, the 9th.  
of the Month Despair.

The Besieged made a Sally with above a Hundred Provoked Looks; the Fourteenth at Night, beat down all the Enemies Works, killed Three hundred Soldiers of the Regiment of Zeal, and Nailed two great Pieces of Cannon, called Sobs. But the next Night the two Colonels, Noble-Air and Fair-Play, Mounting the Guard, vigorously Assaulted the Half-Moon of Rigour, which defended the Gate, where they Defeated and Beat into the City all the Disdains that Defended it, while it was at the same time played upon, by eight Cannons that carried each their Six Pound Balls of Silver. They made a great Breach, and forced the City to Capitulate: whereupon the Master of the Camp

Camp Good-gift, and Handsom-Present, the Superintendent, were appointed to treat upon the Articles of Surrender.

*From the Republick of Rejoycing, the 18th of the Month Delight.*

THE Senate being set some days since, ordered the Demolishing the Tower of Shame, which defended the City, and which the Princess Modesty had formerly caused there to be built. They also made Aid, by which that Princess was commanded to retire out of the Territories of the Republick, in Twenty four hours, upon pain of letting loose the Populacy of *Wanton Embraces*, and *Lascivious Toyings* upon her. The Senate also published an Edict, That the *Inhabitants, Enjoyments, and Caresses*, should prepare for the Reception of General Good-*Companion*, who had appointed to make his Entry the next Friday about Sun-set.

*From the Castle of Counterfeit Devotion, the 6th of the Month Hypocrisie.*

THE Marques Fear and Trembling blocked up the Castle some Days since, not daring to approach nearer for fear of the Mines, of which there are a great number to guard all the *Avenues* to the Fort. He sent Colonel Crusty-Knave to view the Fortifications and Countenance of the Enemy; who returned with two Braggadocio's, Captains of the place, whom he had taken Prisoners, who reported that the Castle was in great want of Provisions, and especially of Cannon and Musquet-Bullet, and that the Soldiers and Cannoniers had Orders to make a great noise, and fire often, only to terrifie

the

the Camp, and to give false Alarms to the same purpose. They also gave Intelligence, That there was but one false Sally port belonging to the place called *Counterfeit Innocence*, through which the Besieged pretended to make their chiefeſt Sallies; and that if he had a mind to carry the place he need do no more than enter ſilently in the Night-time with his Forces. Upon this Intelligence, the Marquesſ *Fear and Trembling* drew out of the Regiment of *Secrecy and Silence*, a ſmall Party, with Orders by a By-way to Attack the Fort called *Sugar-Words*, and ſo to carry the Place by *Counterfeit Innocence*, which was done with very good Success. The Marquesſ being entred the Cattle, found a great number of great Guns of painted Wood, mounted upon the Walls, and a great number of Paper Engines to ſcare the Timoſious.

*From the Fortress of Scorn, the 12th of the Month of Indifferency.*

**F**our thousand *Respects*, with ſome Pioneers, called *Artiſts*, under the Command of Count *Matrimony*, being poſted upon a riſing Ground o-ver againſt the Fortress of *Scorn*, with an intent to Attack the Place, fired a great number of great Guns, and among the reſt ſeveral *Culverines*, called *Rebuffs*; which forced the Count to retire after he had received a great Defeat, and loſt in the Skirmiſh two of his Captains, *Good-Design*, and *Good Earnest*, who were killed in the Attack: But ſome Days after the Duke of *Noble Family*, coming to his Relief, and having found a way to hold Correspondence with a Lady of Honour, attending the Gouvernour Monsieur *Ambition*, commanded Captain *Great Quality* to be ready to give the Onſet upon the firſt Signal, which was a great Fire that was

to appear in the heart of the Place. Which Captain *Quality* observing, so furiously attacked the Gate called *Good Opinion*, that he presently won it; by which means, giving Entrance to the rest of the Besiegers, the Fortress was taken by assault, and pillaged. This Misfortune constrained *Scorn*, desirous to repair her Losses, to send a way Commissioners to Count *Marriage*, to pray him to come and take Possession of the place, of which she offered to make him Master; but the Count dismissed them, without so much as giving them Audience.

*From the Kingdom of Gallantry the 30th  
of the Month Little Care.*

THE States of the Kingdom have ordered great Levies to Recruit the Garisons of the Frontier Cities, more especially those of *Ball* and *Comedy*, to repress the Incursions of certain savage People, called *Hypocrites* and *Dissembler*s, who are wont sometimes to rage in that Kingdom, and to lay it waste. The Count *Carneval* or *Masquerade*, was made Captain-general, and has already dispatch-ed Commissions to the Barons of *Hoboy*s and *Violins*, to levy Forces that are to march with all speed to the City of *Grand-Ball*, which is to be the general Rendezvous. In the mean time Count *Masquerade* has sent out several Scouts and Avant-Couriers to beat the Road, and get Intelligence of the March of the *Barbarians*, who being advanced as far as a River called *Coranto*, which runs by the City of *Grand-Ball*, were there repulsed by the Baron of *Violins*, and they understand by some Prisoners taken, that those People will return very suddenly again, commanded by a formidable Captain, called *Don Lent*, who threatens the utter Subversion of the City.



Beggars and Gypsies, In their postures true.

## Pleasant RIDDLES for Merry Company.

Q. 1. **T**EN Teeth, and ne'er a Tongue, it is sport for Old and Young : I pull'd it out of my yellow Fleece, and tickled it well on the Belly-piece ?

A. It is a Violin.

Q. 2. As I went in the Street at Eight a Clock at Night, I look'd in at a little hole and saw a pretty sight : I saw a Gentlewoman trimming her Attire, and she was prettily occupied a little beyond the Fire : I looked in at a little hole, as little as I could see, I saw a thing go up and down a little above her Knee ?

A. It is a Woman sowing.

Q. 3. On yonder Hill there stands a Knight, Booted and Spurr'd, and set upright : Gray-grisled his Horse, black is his Saddle : Now I have told you his Name thrice, what is his Name say you ?

A. The Man's Name is His.

Q. 4. I am called by the Name of a Man, yet am as little as a Mouse, when Winter comes I love to be with my red Target near the House ?

A. A Robin Red breast.

Q. 5. I saw a Fight the other Day, a Damsel did begin the Fray ; she with a daily Friend did meet, then standing in the open Street ; she gave such hard and sturdy Blows, he bled ten Gallons at the

Nose ;

Nose ; yet neither seemed to faint nor fall, nor  
give her any abuse at all ?

A. *A Pump.*

Q. 6. A Beggar once exceeding poor, a Penny  
say'd me give him, and deeply vow'd he'd ne'er  
ask more, and I ne'er more to give him. Next  
day he begg'd again, I gave ; yet both of us our  
baths did sayne ?

A. *He gave him but a Penny.*

Q. 7. I went, and I went, I cannot tell whi-  
ther ; I met, and I met I cannot tell who ; I had  
Gift given me I shall never forgo, and yet I came  
true Maid home ?

A. *It is a Child went to be Christened.*

Q. 8. A Water there is I must pass, a broader  
Water never was, and yet of all Waters I ever see,  
to pass over is less jeopardy ?

A. *It is Dew.*

Q. 9. There was a Woman at a Well scouring  
of her Coal-black, there was a Man at the Fen  
wagging of his Wig-wag ; she wish'd his Wig-  
wag was in her Coal-black ?

A. *It was a Man a Fishing, and a Woman at the  
Well scouring her Kettle, desiring his Fish were in  
her Coal-black.*

Q. 10. I have a Chapel all in Green, Forty  
Soldiers be therein, and every Soldier cloathed in  
White, I'll give you a Groat and tell me it right ?

A. *It is a Pumpkin.*

Q. 11. When in the Maid's or Good Wife's hand  
the Gallant first had Grace to stand, whence to a  
hole they him apply, where he will both live and  
die ?

A. *A Candle.*

Q. 12. As I sate on a Bed, I put in a Pin, I  
gave a jog with my Arse, and all slipt in ?

A. *It was a Woman setting of Herbs.*

Q. 13. Four and twenty white Bulls sate upon a Stall, forth came the red Bull & overlick'd them all.

A. It is ones Tongue and Teeth.

Q. 14. What is that which is rough within, and red without, and bristled like a Bear's Snout; there is never a Lady in the Land, but will be content to take it in her Hand?

A. It is an Eglantine Berry, which is rough within, and red without, and hath Bristles on the top.

Q. 15. As I was walking late at Night I through the Window chanc'd to spy a Gillant with his Heart's delight; he knew not that I was so nigh; he kiss'd her, and close did sit to little pretty wan-ton Gill, until he did her favour get, and likewise did obtain his Will?

A. A Young Man in a Tavern, drinking a Gill of Sack to clear up his Spirits, which by drinking thus, obtain'd his will.

Q. 16. A pretty thing as I suppose, a pretty thing without a Nose; it hath a Beard, and hath no Chin, and I can put two handfuls in?

A. It is a Muff.

Q. 17. I have a Knack above my Knee, long it is, and deep it is, and in the midst a hole there is: Forth came a young Man, and put in a thing two handfuls long?

A. It was a Maid that had a Sheath, and a young Man put a Knife into it.

Q. 18. I went to the Wood and I got it, I sate me down and sought it, and I kept it still against my will, and so by force home I brought it?

A. It was a Man had a Thorn in his Foot, and he sate down to look it, and he could not find it by no means.

Q. 19. There is a Tree made for the nonce, it bears pretty Fruit, with prickly Stones; they yield moisture pure and thick, it seldom makes a Lady sick: Most Maids and fair the same doth pull,

185

round, 'tis plump, 'tis hard, 'tis full ; put them  
and suck, and then they stay, and cast the empty  
in away : So that which was both round and  
plump, and hard, is quickly limber, spoil'd & marr'd?

A. *It is a Gooseberry-bush bearing Fruit.*

Q. 20. As I went to the Wood spinning, spin-  
ning, I had a thing in my hand gerning, gerning :  
forth came the Wood-cock and put in his Bill, then  
clapt to my Legs and held it still ; hoop, Dame, set  
in the Pot, my thing hath got a jolly Wood-cock ?

A. *It is a Buck that had clapt his Horns into a  
fish, and could not get them out again.*

Q. 21. Unto the Exchange I went, some Knacks  
here for to buy ; within a Cloyster there was pent  
Monster certainly : Feet and Hands it had full  
ight ; four Eyes clear of sight ; four Ears where-  
to hear, and two Bodies exceeding clear ?

A. *It was an Exchange Woman big with Child.*

Q. 22. Beyond the Sea there is an Oak, and in  
that Oak there is a Nest, and in that Nest there is  
an Egg, and in that Egg there is a Yolk which calls  
together Christian Folk ?

A. *The Oak is the Church, the Nest is the Belfrey,  
the Egg is the Bell, and the Yolk is the Clapper.*

Q. 23. There were two Fathers a hunting went,  
and also two Sons for the same intent ; they  
caught Conies in all but three, yet every one had  
one, how may this be ?

A. *One of the Sons had a Son, thus is he Father,  
and standeth both for the Father and Son.*

Q. 24. There was a King met a King in a nar-  
row Lane, said the King to the King, Where hast  
thou Bin ? I have Bin in the Wood hunting the  
Doe, I prithee lend me thy Dog, I may do so ;  
call him to thee, and tell me his Name, I count him  
a wise Man that tells me the same ?

A. *The Dog's Name was Bin.*

Q. 25. Stiff standing in a Bed, first White and then Red, the fairest Lady in the Land might be seen to take it in her hand, and put it in her hole before?

A. It was a Strawberry.

Q. 26. As I went over Hetary Tottcry, I look'd into Harbora Lilly, I spied a Cutterel playing with her Cambril; I cried, Ho, Neighbour, Ho, lend me your Cue, and your Goe, to shoot at yonder Cutterel, playing with her Cambril, and you shall have the Curl of her Loe?

A. It was a Man called to his Neighbour, for a Gun to shoot a Deer, and he should have her Humble.

Q. 27. There was a Bird of great renown, useful in City and in Town, none work like unto him can do; he's Yellow, Black, Red and Green, a very pretty Bird I ween, yet he is both fierce and fell; I count him wise that can this tell?

A. The painful Bee.

Q. 28. There was a Maid, and she was sick, and all her mind was for a Prick: a Prick she had, and in it went, which gave this fair Maid good content.

A. It was a Maid that was Sick, and fain to be let Blood.

Q. 29. The good Wife sat at the Door, and sick she was, the good Man came down the Town, and thus it was: He up with his slip-slap, and hit her in the Water-gap, and well she was.

A. It was a Woman had got a Mote on her Eye, and her Husband lick'd it out.

Q. 30. In thickest Woods I hunt with Beagles ten after the Chase, which when I do descry, I dispossess me of not useful then, and what I take not only that keep I.

A. One scratching his Head with both his Hands.

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